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OUR NOTE BOOK. BY JAMES PAYN.

How beridden by politics are the people of this country! How full are our newspapers of them at all times, whether a "crisis" is impending or not! And how they rival the weather itself as an eternal subject of conversation! It was always so in England. Horace Walpole once proposed that everybody should forfeit half-a-crown who said anything in an intelligent company to introduce the idea either of Ministers or Opposition. Hannah More, who was present, applauded this plan, and proposed that anyone should be considered guilty who alluded to pit-coal or foxskin muffs. But generally speaking, women, if they are given to politics at all, are worse than the men, because their talk upon the subject is more unrestrained by knowledge. They invent their facts as they prattle on. Volumnia upon the great question of whether Lord Coodle or Sir Thomas Doodle was to have the conduct of the Government was more tedious than the other members of the Dedlock family. Upon the question of should resignation precede dissolution, Tadpole and Taper have of late been conversing -not with one another only, alas! but with everyone of us whose buttonhole was within their reachas though they were theologians. They never tire of Coodle and Doodle, whereas, I confess, I "drop off gorged" after ten minutes of it: their stories of those great men who, it seems, are so necessary to us, are not entertaining. It must be acknowledged, however, that there have been some Ministers who took the being turned out without having any suspicion of its being the end of the world. When Jeffrey (the Lord Advocate) called upon Lord Althorp about the political crisis, "Well," said his Lordship, "I have the pleasure to inform you that we all sent in our resignations and they have been accepted." He was looking over his fowling-piece and added, "Confound these political affairs; all my locks have got out of order!" Individual members of a Government have, however, always objected to being made scapegoats. When it was settled that Lord George Germain should retire from the Ministry, Lord North himself broke the news to him. "You say I must go," exclaimed Lord George with spirit. "Very good; but why is your Lordship to stay?" When a Ministry comes in they don't much mind what is said of them. Still, Lord Bute could hardly have liked the reply of George Brudenell to the mob, one of whom inquired at his first levée, "What is the matter here?" "Well, there is a Scotchman got into the Treasury and they can't get him out." These, however, are the amenities of politics, the few and far-away plums in its intolerable amount of dough. The worst of it, perhaps, is its ingratitude: when Chatham died two men voted against his having a public funeral who should have been the last in the world to do so-the Archbishop of Canterbury, who owed to him his tiara, and Lord Onslow, who used to wait in the Lobby to help him on with

Under these damnatory circumstances as regards previous character, it behoves gentlemen in office not to give themselves airs; but this, as a rule, they cannot abstain from. There are, however, some noble exceptions; and it cannot be denied that matters have vastly improved since Walpole is supposed to have said, "Every man has his price." What he did say was "all these men" have it, which was quite sufficiently sweeping.

Would he oblige me, let me only find He does not think me what he thinks mankind, writes Pope of Sir Robert, who must have had a trying experience of politicians. "Patriots," he once remarked, "are easily raised. I have myself made many a one. 'Tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot." This type is still extant. On the other hand, it is amazing to read that the peace of 1763 was secured by the payment of £80,000 to members of the House of Commons. The form of management after every Session was as follows: Roberts (who had been Secretary to the Treasury) took his stand on the day of the Prorogation in the Court of Requests, and as the gentlemen passed in going to or returning from the House, Roberts conveyed the money in a squeeze of the hand. "The names of the recipients were entered in a book, which was preserved with the deepest secrecy, it being never inspected by anyone save the King and Mr. Pelham." On the decease of that Minister, the Duke of Newcastle and the new Cabinet were anxious for information of the present state of the House, and besought Roberts for a sight of his book, but Roberts refused to give it up except to his Majesty in person. George II. accordingly asked him for it, and in the presence of the Duke thrust the compromising record into the fire. Upon the whole, this seems the best action that has been narrated of the second George.

The following legacy, which will not come under the death duties, has been lately bequeathed to the British Press: "I declare it to be my particular wish and request that no notice of my will, or any part thereof, or of the bequests and dispositions therein contained, shall appear or be published in any journal or newspaper whatever, and I make this declaration in full confidence and belief that this my desire will be respected by all honourable and respectable proprietors and editors of journals and

newspapers." The testator must have been a sanguine man. The shilling subscription to see this gentleman's last testament will probably exceed the amount ever received at Somerset House for the same purpose. That is only human nature. The pride of ancestry has departed—

Who was his father, who was his mother? is a question that does not much interest us nowadays as regards our neighbour, but "How much money has he left, and to whom?" is an inquiry that demands reply. There is only one person in England-her Majesty the Queen-who is not by law compelled to give this information. The curiosity that is certain to be aroused by this appeal will be pardonable. Perhaps it is only a patriotic endeavour to increase the revenues of the Probate Office. Perhaps it is a morbid desire to do good by stealth and not to find it fame; but if anything has been left to me (for example), I can only say I have heard nothing of it from the executors. Whatever reason the testator may have had for deprecating publicity, he could not have taken a surer way for stimulating curiosity. There are probably a good many people who would rather not have their wills made public if they could help it, since the provisions of the same are not likely, as they must be well aware, to do them credit; but, on the other hand, there are some folks who, to use a phrase of the secretaries of bubble companies, "welcome the fullest investigation." There was once, for example, an admirable father who bequeathed his daughters ten thousand pounds apiece, and got them all married in consequence; whereas he had actually left only just enough money to pay the probate duties upon the imaginary fortune. When there is a will, it is said, there is a way, and this was a very

striking example of it.

Mr. Andrew Lang has not yet got his knighthood; when that dignity is conferred upon him the Victoria Cross should be added. He has had the amazing audacity to place in his list of "Books we have stuck in," some by living authors. Whether from sentimental weakness of the "wouldn't-hurt-a-fly" description, or from downright pusillanimity of character, this I should never have dared to do in my most vigorous days. Prostrated by an infirmity that would prevent my striking a blow, even with a steel pen, for life, I should now fall an easy victim to the avenger. Under the pretence of some benevolent errand-that is, to me-the wretch would easily obtain admittance to my presence, and a stab from a paperknife would be sufficient to do his business. Mr. Lang, of course, has obtained police protection, but I have only a little dog, who, on the slightest hostile manifestation, affects indisposition and runs to his basketbed. I may truly say that with regard to literary antipathies I have warred only with the dead. Even for that I have got into some trouble-not from their executors, for I have previously satisfied myself that they had nonebut from their admirers. I once ventured to write that neither "Gil Blas" nor "Don Quixote" would be the books I should choose to be locked up for life with as my only reading. I am delighted to find that Mr. Lang "stuck" in the latter work, and also in "Childe Harold," and had to get out on "the home side of the bog." I wonder how many honest creatures wishing to improve their minds have been "smoored" in the Hundred Best Books some wiseacres once recommended to their notice. They sank and have made no sign. There is seldom any mention of those who perish in these literary bogs; only now and then one is found to confess with bated breath that it was "kittle kattle getting in, but the devil and all getting out again "-i.e., on the side away from home.

It is curious that, as in my own case, the question of whether all great classics are interesting reading was suggested to Mr. Lang by a lady, an honest gentlewoman who shook his soul with doubts as the simple Zulu shook that of Bishop Colenso. My young woman would, apropos to nothing, remark in her artless way, "But do you really think that 'John Gilpin' is amusing?" Well, I don't, and I was weak enough to admit it. What I suffered from the publication of that brief confession ("Sham Admiration in Literature") none can guess. "Anarchist" was a new name then, but I got it, with many others-several of them, I was informed by my legal acquaintances, actionable. Yet, as Mr. Lang justly puts it, when we have said, "This work may be excellent, only I can't read it," we have done no harm to it, or to anybody. "We should have a tolerant sympathy for each other's lack of taste," but the fact is, England is not quite such a free country as it is supposed to be. Nobody, however, will find fault with Mr. Lang for having got bogged in "Count Robert of Paris": it can only have been in his character of editor that he ever reached the further side. I noticed the other day that he aroused the contempt of some Transatlantic critic for having frankly confessed that before he thus became professionally connected with Scott's works he had never read "The Betrothed." Stung by this reproach, I read it myself the other day for the first time, and shall certainly never read it again. In the same volume happened to be my old friend "Redgauntlet." I don't say I stuck in that; but if not a bog, I found it (always with the exception of

Wandering Willie's tale) very heavy going: a stiff ploughed field with "From the same to the same" for gates. How could Sir Walter think of writing a novel in letters?

It must be remembered that some very good books indeed have this attribute of stickiness. Almost all Scott's novels are a little heavy to start with. We oldsters do not mind this; even his prefaces have their attraction for us, and his "notes" a great attraction; but young readers complain, and not without justice, of his introductory matter. They wish in their impatient way that he would be so good as to begin. I think most of us have met with books that at first have failed to win our regard, but which on closer acquaintance have become great favourites with us. I don't know how often I have read "Lorna Doone"certainly three or four times - yet I can remember not getting on with it until assured by someone in whose judgment I had confidence that it was well worth perusal. This is the cause, no doubt, of the frequent rejection of good books. I believe "Lorna Doone" itself was so rejected-by "publishers' readers." They have not the requisite amount of patience with works "heavy at the handle" to give them a fair chance.

The war-dogs of the future will not be at all like those of the past, which were let slip to the cry of "Havoc!" They will be very well-behaved dogs indeed. From the report of their capabilities published by the German War Minister, they are splendid at "dispatch" duty, accomplishing a mile in two minutes. "The road," we are told, "was very complicated and quite strange to the dogs." Unless they could see the person to whom the dispatches were addressed — as greyhounds see their trainers in the distance—this seems remarkable, and worthy to be added to the "anecdotes of instinct"; perhaps he is rubbed over with aniseed, and they recognise his whereabouts by another sense. It is easy to imagine their carrying parcels on their backs which are supposed to represent two hundred and fifty ball cartridges, but not how "their powers were tested in seeking the wounded on the field," where there were none: like the Marchioness with her wine made of orange-peel, they must have had to pretend very much. If our War Office has ever to deal with these four-footed adversaries, I would recommend it to employ a dozen or two of our London dog-stealers, who possess the secret of endowing a piece of meat with such charms for the canine palate that loyalty and devotion to any family (even the Hohenzollerns) are forgotten in the first whiff of it. And when the dogs have thus changed hands, we should have the advantage of their training.

When writing the other day of the mechanical doctor. I ventured to suggest that an invention of the same kind might be adopted as a substitute for a domestic chaplain. An enterprising citizen of the United States has plagiarised this idea, but has also, it must be confessed, improved upon it. He has produced a machine with this inscription: "Put a penny in the slot and you will get a blessing from the Pope in the Pope's own voice, per phonograph." This instrument might be made very useful for electioneering purposes. Candidates who have "ratted"-and they are very numerous-might be confronted with the speeches they once made upon the other side, and which might now be utilised by the enemy. Instead of the crude and vulgar plan of burning in effigy, if a statue of the hon, gentleman could be devised in bronze, or even wax, and the phonograph put inside him, so that he might speak, as it were, with his own mouth, the effect would be very striking. He might be carried (literally) from poll to poll, and influencethough contrary to his wishes—a dozen constituencies. An electoral automatic company might do a good stock of business in this way for the next two or three months: "Political personages, as large as life, with speeches complete in their own voices, let out on hire. N.B.—The speeches are set to quite different tunes."

I wonder how far the sceptical gentleman who denied that anybody before the days of registers ever lived to be a hundred was correct. We have certainly had a good many of them of late years, but only a very few who (like Dr. Grace) have made over their hundred. It seems to have been their ambition to make that score exactly, and then to have died content. A correspondent in Scotland has been so good as to send me a curious inscription that he saw with his own eyes in Ardlussa churchyard, "a very remote district, about the centre of the eastern coast of the island of Jura." It ran as follows—

Mary McCrain,
Died in 1856, aged 128;
Descendant of
William McCrain,

Who kept a hundred and eighty Christ-masses in his own house, and who died in the reign of Charles 1st.

The local opinion, my correspondent goes on to say, is that the one hundred and eighty years do not include the years before marriage, so that this modern Methuselah must have been quite two hundred years old. Longevity appears to have run in the family.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN THE LOBBY.

The Lobby, which is usually the centre of any political excitement that is going on when Parliament is sitting, has been comparatively quiescent during the crisis. Curiously enough, the formation of the new Ministry has not stirred curiosity to fever heat, although the distribution of places according to the merits not only of prominent Conservatives, but also of prominent Liberal Unionists, was an extremely

only of prominent Conservatives, but also nent Liberal Unionists, was an extremely ticklish job. Lord Salisbury has accomplished his task, or the main part of it, with remarkable celerity and success. The Lobby has scarcely had time to breathe during the operation. Most of the speculation has hovered round the offices of Home Secretary and Chief Secretary for Ireland. When it was known that Sir Matthew White Ridley had been appointed to the Home Office, this was generally taken to mean that the Government did not intend to oust Mr. Gully from the Chair. The appointoust Mr. Gully from the Chair. The appointment of Mr. Gerald Balfour to the Irish Office is accompanied by the suggestion that Mr. T. W. Russell will enjoy some official capacity in close connection with Dublin Castle, so as to assist the new Chief Secretary, whose knowledge of Irish questions is not intimate yet. That the Cabinet is a strong one is generally admitted, and the liveliest anticipations are excited by Mr. Chamberlain's acceptance of the Colonial Office. At the first eight this does not seem the most appropriate berth for a statesman whose reputation is in no way bound up with the Colonies, but Mr. Chamberlain has of late years shown great interest in Colonial questions and he way here

Lord Salisbury has succeeded quite as well as was expected in adjusting the rival claims of his supporters in the formation of his Cabinet. The chief interest, of course, attaches to the inclusion of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and it will be interesting to watch the moderating influence which these gentlemen are bound to exercise upon the counsels of a Cabinet containing such strict Conservatives as Lord Halsbury and Viscount Cross. One regrets that the Marquis of Salisbury has again undertaken the extremely harassing work of the Presign Office in addition

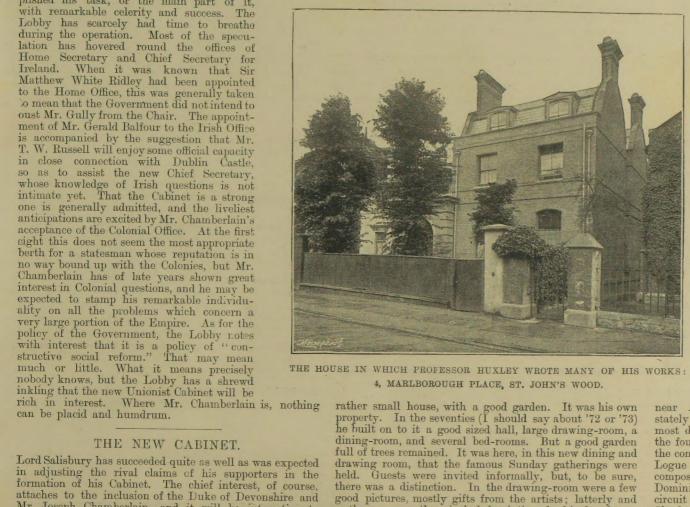
the Foreign Office in addition to holding the Premiership; at the same time one is glad he recognises the unique fitness which he possesses for so important a task. The Duke of Devonshire has lately manifested great in-terest in naval defence, and is understood he will have ample opportunity for business-like reorganisation. Lord Halsbury's acceptance for the third time of the Lord Chancellorship was fore-seen, as was also Mr. Balseen, as was also Mr. Balfour's position as First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Goschen returns to the Admiralty, of which he was First Lord twenty years ago. Lord Lansdowne at the War Office will have a representative in the House of Commons in Mr. St. John Brodrick, whose vote discounting the second seco Brodrick, whose vote dis-placed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as we must now call the ex-Secretary for War. Lord Cross, as Lord Privy Seal, can show that interest in agriculture which he cultivates at his country seat; while Mr. Chaplin becomes President of the Local Government Board rather unexpectedly. Mr. Ritchie will have plenty of scope as President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach can again show the policy of "no

innovations" as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Matthew White Ridley at last has his chance, which for so clever a man ought to advance his reputation, as Home Secretary. Lord George Hamilton is exchanging the Chairmanship of the London School Board for the rather more important position of Secretary for India—an appointment, however, probably temporary. Earl Cadogan has a beautiful and charming wife to aid him as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Ashbourne is back again as Irish Lord Chancellor; and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Salisbury's nominee for the Chairmanship of Committees in the House of Lords becomes Secretary of Committees in the House of Lords, becomes Secretary for Scotland. Sir Henry James, accepting a peerage after a long Parliamentary experience, has an opportunity of continuing to perform the rôle of mediator in trade disputes, for his official duties as Chancellor of the Duchy

of Lancaster will not be arduous. Lord Salisbury has, at the last moment, increased his Cabinet to the unusual total of nineteen members, by the addition of Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas and Mr. Walter Long. The former is appointed First Commissioner of Works, and the latter is President of the Board of Agriculture.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S HOMES. BY A FRIEND.

The London house of the late Professor Huxley was at 4, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood. It was originally a



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PROFESSOR HUXLEY WROTE MANY OF HIS WORKS

there was a distinction. In the drawing-room were a few good pictures, mostly gifts from the artists; latterly and as they grew up these included paintings by his daughters, or portraits of them. There were (later) one or two by his son-in-law the Hon. John Collier. The diningroom had good engravings from modern pictures, and the hall large photographs and one or two busts. The Professor's study was a small room in the old part of

pretensions. Everything about the Professor showed pretensions. Everything about the Professor showed thought, refinement, knowledge of the best, and simplicity. Perhaps the most curious thing about the house was that it stood next and quite close to a church. On Sunday nights, when the windows were open, we used to hear as an accompaniment to the happy talk in the control of the organ and the airy drawing-room the faint rolling of the organ and chanting of psalms: it had a strange effect. It was from that house that most of his children were married-always

in church. Finally Mr. Huxley sold 4, Marlborough Place, and bought a bit of land in the Staveley Road, near the Beachy Head end of Eastbourne, and his son-in-law Mr. F. Waller drew the plans, and under his supervision was built the house in which he died. It is red brick and detached.

It is lighted with electric light. It has a little garden in front which was beautifully kept, tended and watered by the Professor himself. Behind was a very much larger garden, which latterly was added to, till there was a long stretch of ground, flowers, and roses (in which he delighted), and then at the very end a kitchen garden. In the flower garden he found ceaseless pleasure and occupation. Professor Huxley had eight children altogether. One son died years and years ago, long before I know they are an altogether. long before I knew them, when he was a tiny child. Of the surviving other two, one is a master at Charterhouse, and married to a daughter of Mr. Thomes Arnold, and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward; and the other is a doctor in Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, married to Miss Stobart. All the girls had artistic talent, and have exhibited now and then at the Royal Academy, Grosvenor, and smaller exhibitions, though, except in the case of the daughter mentioned, their work, though interesting was not invested. though interesting, was not important. Mrs. Huxley has contributed verses to magazines, and with her daughter (now Mrs. Roller) as illustrator, wrote a couple of clever books for

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, WESTMINSTER.

An ambition which Roman Catholics in England have long cherished has commenced to be realised in the foundation of a cathedral near Ashley Gardens, Westminster. With all the stately ceremony of the Church, and in the presence of a most distinguished cathering. Condingly Youghen, blossed most distinguished gathering, Cardinal Vaughan blessed the foundation-stone on Saturday morning, June 29. On the conclusion of the recitation of the Litanies, Cardinal Logue celebrated Low Mass coram episcopo. A procession composed of Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, composed of Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Dominicans, Redemptorists, and secular clergy made the circuit of the grounds. The choir, directed by the Rev. Charles Cox, rendered, among other pieces, Webbe's "O Roma Felix" and "O Salutaris." At the luncheon which followed, the speakers included Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Logue, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Acton, Mr. Henry Matthews, Lord Edmund Talbot, and Sir Donald Macfarlane. The site on which the cathedral is to be erected was purchased for £59,000, towards which the late Cardinal Manning gave £18,000, the Duke of Norfolk £10,000, and eight other subscribers completed the total. The cost of the

the total. The cost of the building, which has Mr. J. Bentley as its architect, will be £150,000. The total sum contributed up to the opening day was £75,000, and since then nearly £3000 has been given. The area will be 54,000 square feet; the length of the cathedral will be 350 ft., its width will be 156 ft., and the height will be 90 ft.

CONSECRATION OF A MASONIC LODGE.

In the double capacity of Grand Master of English Freemasons and president of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the Prince of Wales attended the Prince of Wales attended the consecration of the Rahere Lodge, No. 2546, on June 29, in the great hall of the hospital. He was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is Grand Master of Danish Freemasons, and there was Treemasons, and there was a very brilliant assemblage. The Dean of Gloucester delivered the oration, alluding to the establishment of the hospital by Rahere, the royal minstrel, more

than seven hundred years ago. Masonry, said the Dean, had a great future before it. Let them live up to that had a great future before it. Let them five up to that high teaching they knew so well, and, as best they could, act up to that Masonic ideal, self-sacrifice to others, loyalty to the Queen, patriotism to their country, and to the practice of that pure and simple religion which their fathers taught, and which alone had made England free, and brave, and strong. The Grand Secretary, in the course of the proceedings, installed Dr. Clement Godson as the first Master of Rahere Lodge. Dr. Clement Godson as the first Master of Rahere Lodge. At the banquet in the evening Dr. Godson said that after long service on the medical staff and as a member of the governing body of St. Bartholomew's Hospital he was proud to accept the high office to which he had that day

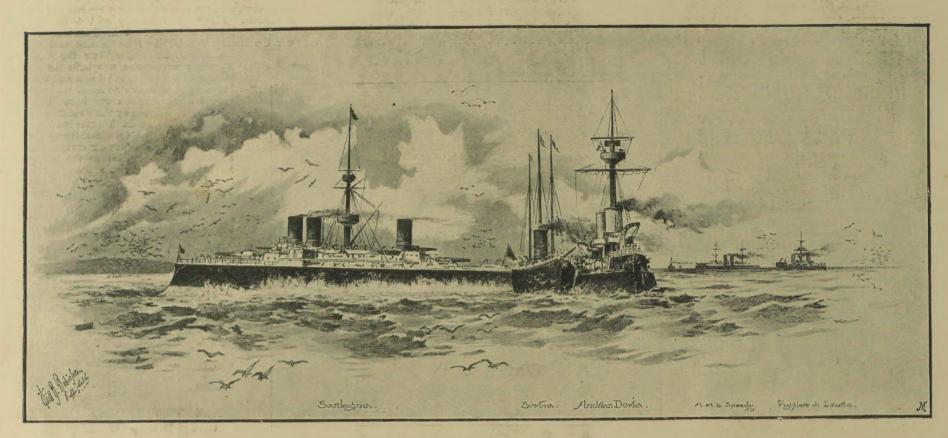


PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S RESIDENCE, "HODESLEA," STAVELEY ROAD, EASTBOURNE, WHERE HE DIED ON JUNE 20.

the house; I think, the old dining-room. It was a mass of books—all round the walls, on the chairs and floor in heaps, everywhere. In the middle stood his writing-table. Professor Huxley's second daughter, Marian, will be well remembered by those who went to the Sunday gatherings. She was not only beautiful, with a strong likeness to her father, but she had genius. Her picture "The Sins of the Fathers" was hung on the Royal Academy walls in 1880 (before she herself was twenty-one), and sold before the exhibition was opened to the public. After her early death it was given back to Mrs. Huxley by the owner of it, who knew she longed to possess it. It hung over the big fireplace in the drawing-room there. The rooms were very simply furnished. The Huxleys were resentially people of great reference and early the resential transfer and tran essentially people of great refinement and with no

INCIDENTS AFTER THE OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL.

From Sketches by Fleet-Paymaster A. Yeckney, H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign."



THE ITALIAN FLAG-SHIP "SARDEGNA" ON A SANDBANK.

Our Illustration depicts an unfortunate accident which befell the Italian flag-ship "Sardegna" shortly after the opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. The passage through which she had come was about half a mile broad; the place where she came ashore was on the Great Belt. The "Savoia," as shown in the sketch, is trying to keep the "Sardegna's" stern from swinging round.



BANQUET IN HONOUR OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

A pleasant incident of the canal festivities was the brilliant banquet given on board the "Royal Sovereign" to the German Emperor at Kiel on June 24. The host was Lord Walter Kerr, Vice-Admiral in charge of the Channel Squadron, and among the guests, besides the Emperor, in the uniform of a British Admiral, were Prince Henry of Prussia, the Marquis of Lothian, and many distinguished naval officers. Everybody smoked after dinner, and the proceedings were exceptionally pleasant.

LORD SALISBURY'S NEW CABINET.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES.



Photo by Russell and Son
THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,
Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. G. J. GOSCHEN,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR,

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

LORD HALSBURY,

LORD CHANCELLOR.



Photo by James Bacon.
SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY,
HOME SECRETARY.



Photo by Russell and So
EARL CADOGAN,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,

SECRETARY FOR INDIA.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
VISCOUNT CROSS,
LORD PRIVY SEAL.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN,

PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.



Photo by Bender and Co.

MR. C. T. RITCHIE, **

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, has been visited by the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, with Princess Marguerite and the Count d'Eu, Prince Maximilian of Baden, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. The Shahzada of Afghanistan visited her Majesty on Tuesday, July 2.

The Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle on Saturday afternoon, at which the members of the late Ministry delivered to her Majesty their seals of office, which were afterwards received from her Majesty's hands by those of the new Ministry taking the oaths of office—namely, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council; Lord Halsbury, as Lord Chancellor; Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Viscount Cross, Lord Privy Seal; Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Matthew White Ridley, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies; the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, President of the Local Government Board, and the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade. The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister,

Salisbury, Prime Minister, had an audience of her Majesty. On July 1 the Marquis of Lansdowne was received by the Queen as Secretary of State for the War Department.

A Levée was held by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen on Monday, July 1.

The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, on Saturday, June 29, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, took part in the dedication of the Rahere Lodge in the great hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He had visited the hospital, as president, the day before, with the Shahzada. His Royal Highness gave a dinner party on Monday in honour of the Shahzada. The Crown Prince of Denmark. the Duke and Duchess of Sparta (Crown Prince and Princess of Greece), the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, the Duc d'Aumale, Prince Albert of Belgium, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, on June 27 were entertained at luncheon by the Prince and Princes of Wales.

The Duchess of Teck on July 1 opened the new Children's Hospital at Paddington Green.

The Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, brother

and heir-presumptive to the Emperor, with his wife, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, have arrived in England for a short visit

Upon the recommendation of the Earl of Rosebery, the late Prime Minister, Lord Houghton, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Carrington, the retiring Lord Chamberlain, are raised to the rank of earls; peerages are conferred on Sir H. B. Loch, G.C.B., the Right Hon. Herbert Gardner, late Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Sydney Stern, and Mr. James Williamson. Mr. James Blyth, Mr. William Agnew, Captain Naylor-Leyland, Sir Joseph Renals, Lord Mayor of London, and Mr. James Bell, Lord Provost of Glasgow, are made baronets; the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, late Secretary of State for the War Department, is appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, late Secretary of State for India, a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India; knighthood is conferred on Mr. Arthur Arnold, Chairman of the London County Council, Colonel E. J. Gourley, Mr. Clarence Smith, Dr. H. D. Littlejohn, Mr. Cowasjee Jehanghier, Mr. James Low, Lord Provost of Dundee, Mr. Robert Giffen, C. B., Comptroller of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, Mr. Alfred Milner, C.B., Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, and Colonel Majendie, C.B., Inspector of Explosives at the Home Office; and seventeen gentlemen in the Government offices are appointed Companions of the Bath.

The election for the city of Cork, occasioned by the retirement of Mr. W. O'Brien, resulted, by a majority of 4309 votes against 4132, in the return of Mr. J. F. Xavier O'Brien, the Anti-Parnellite Home Rule candidate, whose Parnellite opponent, Mr. Alderman Roche, will again contest the seat at the General Election.

Three of the members of the new Government, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach were reelected without opposition, on July 1, by their respective constituencies for East Manchester, West Birmingham, and West Bristol. The first Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday, July 2. Mr. Chamberlain, on the same day, received the Agents-General of the Colonies at the Colonial Office.

The later appointments to Ministerial offices are those of Mr. Akers-Douglas as First Commissioner of Works, and

Mr. Walter Long as President of the Board of Agriculture, with seats in the Cabinet; the Duke of Norfolk, as Postmaster-General; Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Council; Mr. St. John Brodrick, Under-Secretary for the War Department; Sir W. Walrond, Secretary to the Treasury; Mr. Jesse Collings, Under - Secretary to the Home Department; the Earl of Selborne, Under-Secretary for the Colonies; Mr. T. W. Russell, Secretary to the Local Government Board; Mr. Ellison Macartney, Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. Powell Williams, Financial Secretary to the War Office; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

Political addresses have been delivered by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, at Manchester, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, and the Marquis of Londonderry, in the interest of the new Conservative and Unionist Ministry; by the Right Hon. H. Chaplin at East Grinstead, Sussex; by Earl Cadogan, in London; and by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Bristol, on July 1.

On the other side, Lord Rosebery, at a soirée of the Eighty Club on Tuesday, July 2, made a speech on the position of the late Liberal Ministry, which he described as having been that of "place without power," and dwelt on the impossibility of carrying any of their measures with a majority of only seven in the House of Commons, while he declared that the annihilation of the political power of the



Photo by Charles Knight.

LADY COMPETITORS AT THE ARMY AND NAVY RIFLE MEETING, BROWNDOWN.

House of Lords was the one object to which the efforts of the Liberal party should now be directed. Lord Rosebery, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith, speak on the Friday evening at the Royal Albert Hall, London. Sir William Harcourt addresses his constituents at Derby on Friday, July 5, and Mr. Asquith, at Carlisle, on Monday, July 18.

The election of two Sheriffs for the City of London, in which a poll of the Livery took place on June 27, resulted in the return of Mr. Alderman Pound and Mr. John Rogers Cooper.

The fifth International Railway Congress, opened by the Prince of Wales on June 26 at the Imperial Institute, was welcomed also by the Right Hon. James Bryce, as President of the Board of Trade, with an address setting forth the statistics of the British railways. The foreign delegates were entertained with a social reception at the Foreign Office given by Lord Rosebery, where they were met by his Royal Highness and others of the royal family. They visited several great railway centres and railway works in different parts of the United Kingdom, until the end of the week, returning to London for their conferences and discussions upon various practical topics.

The thunderstorm which visited parts of the North of England and the Midland Counties on Wednesday evening, June 26, killed four or five persons. At the Darlington show of the Royal Agricultural Society, two persons—Mr. W. Watson, of West Hartlepool, and Mr. T. Mawston, of Durham, were struck by the lightning and died soon afterwards; two others were struck, but recovered.

At the East Ham London Sewage Pumping Station, on July 1, several men who had descended a well to clean the pipes at the entrance, were suffocated by the foul gas and fell into the water; four were taken out dead, and one has since succumbed. On the same day a man working in a cesspool at the old Margate Pier lost his life in the same manner.

A great fire took place in Paris on July 1, by which the military clothing factory belonging to a company in the Rue Rochechouart was entirely destroyed, with some adjacent houses, to the value of at least £300,000.

PARLIAMENT.

The change of Government has been effected with that ease which is a commonplace of our public life and the constant wonder of foreigners. Parties have undergone a shuffle in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt and his friends are now on the Speaker's left hand, and Mr. Balfour and his colleagues are on the right of the Chair. Politicians who have scarcely realised the change have attempted to occupy their old seats, and the laughter of their neighbours has roused them to the reality of the situation. The most interesting feature of the House is the composition of the Treasury bench. Mr. Hanbury, smiling and nervous, took his seat there for the first time, in his new capacity of Secretary to the Treasury; and the House, with that generosity which is never absent from English politics, cheered him manfully; for the member for Preston has won his promotion by a signal capacity for finance. Mr. Balfour has not had any difficulty in meeting the threatened demand of the Opposition for information about the subject which led to the fall of the late Government. Is there a sufficient supply of reserve ammunition? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, citing again the authority of the permanent officials, said there was a sufficiency. Mr. Balfour differed from this view, and Mr. Chamberlain said bluntly that the Government had found the reserve inadequate, and would take steps to supply the deficiency. But no statistics

were forthcoming. Ministers, it may be presumed, will simply increase the stock of ammunition, whatever it is, and declare that they have established what in their judgment ought to be the normal standard. But what that normal standard is they refuse to say, though the late Secretary for War was blamed when he declined to make any statement of figures. Mr. Balfour announced that the session would end on Saturday, July 6, and that the dissolution would take place on the following Monday. In the interval some useful measures are to be passed, including the Factories Bill, which is not a party measure, and which was strongly supported in the Grand Committee by prominent Conservatives. No minent Conservatives. obstacles to a speedy appeal to the country are inter-posed by the Radicals, although there is a good deal of grumbling because the Government are allowed to obtain money without a statement of policy.

LADIES' SHOOTING COMPETITION.

The most interesting feature, without doubt, of the very successful twentieth Army and Navy Browndown Rifle Meeting, held at the Browndown

Ranges, near Portsmouth, at the end of June, was the daily competition among a large number of lady shooters for the charming diamond bangle offered by the proprietors of the Lady's Pictorial newspaper for the highest aggregate scores of three shoots. Another prize, in the form of a handsome silver-mounted mirror, was given as a second prize in this competition by the proprietors of the Happy Home newspaper; and a third prize was a gold brooch.

Shooting commenced on June 26, and on the following day Mrs. Osmaston had obtained her three highest possible scores, hitting the bull's every soven times in succession for

Shooting commenced on June 26, and on the following day Mrs. Osmaston had obtained her three highest possible scores, hitting the bull's-eye seven times in succession for three shoots, scoring 49 each shoot. Miss Douglas made two "possibles" on Thursday, and another on Friday, thus tying with Mrs. Osmaston, the scores of the most successful lady shooters standing on Saturday thus: Mrs. Osmaston, 49, 49, 49; Miss Douglas, 49, 49, 49; Miss Salmon, 49, 49, 48; Miss Lynch Staunton, 49, 49, 48; Mrs. Curtays, 49, 49, 47; Mrs. Homer, 48, 48, 48. Excitement was at its height when Mrs Osmaston and Miss Douglas met to shoot off the tie. The two ladies again made "possibles," thus tying for the second time. The next playing off the tie took the form of "shot for shot" scoring, and again the ladies kept tying, until at last, in amiable desperation, Captain Martin and Lord Tewkesbury, the umpire, marked a small red



circle within the bull's-eye. Miss Douglas made a splendid bull's-eye, and therefore won the diamond bracelet. It is a very handsome and 'asteful piece of work, aptly designed and excellently made by the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W. Mrs. Osmaston won the Happy Home silver-mounted mirror; and the third prize went to Miss Lynch Staunton.

PERSONAL.

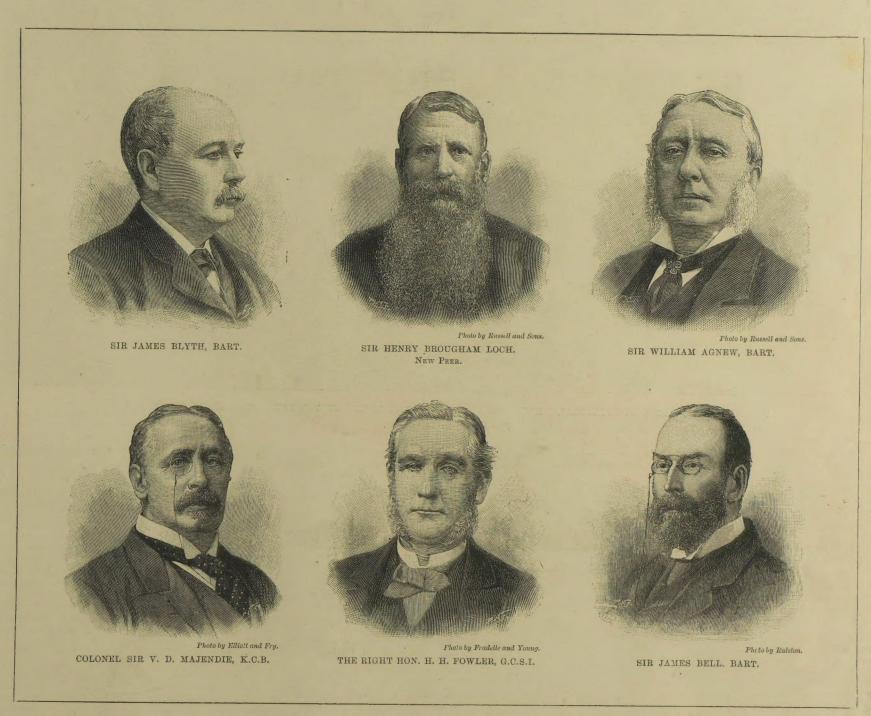
The distribution of honours which has come to be regarded as the natural sequel to the resignation of a Government has this year been distinguished by a discrimination which is praiseworthy. That Mr. H. H. Fowler, who has increased his already high reputation by a firm administration of Indian affairs, should receive a Grand Commandership of the Order of the Star of India is a fit and proper recognition of his imperial services. Everyone will congratulate the new Knight on the compliment which the Queen has conferred upon him. The Wesleyan denomination, which claims Mr. Fowler as "a son of the manse," has been gratified by the honour paid to Mr. Clarence Smith, M.P., also the son of a Wesleyan minister.

An unobtrusive personality belongs to Mr. William Agnew, who has received a baronetcy. As proprietor of Punch, he has been the means of exercising an influence always wholesome and useful, and while many other owners of newspapers have been honoured in years past, it is only just that Mr. Agnew should not be overlooked. This genial gentleman is now in the seventieth year of

The conferment of a peerage upon the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brougham Loch is bound to please a large section of the public at home and abroad. Sir Henry has had a variety of experiences during the sixty-eight years of his life. After serving as a midshipman in the Navy, he transferred himself to the 3rd Bengal Cavalry in 1844. His Indian days were followed by special diplomatic work in Turkey. He accompanied the late Earl of Elgin's embassies to China, and was the bearer of the Treaty of Jeddo to England in 1858. The thrilling incident of his capture and cruel treatment by the Chinese previous to the ratification of the Treaty of Tien Tsin and the Convention of Pekin is well remembered. He next acted as private secretary to Sir George Grey when the latter was Home Secretary. Two years afterwards he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, which he has recently been revisiting to the delight of his old friends in the island. Then he was for a short time Commissioner of Woods and Forests, thereafter governing the colony of Victoria for five years with success. In 1889 Sir Henry became Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, in which offices

of Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. He was educated in Holland, where he thoroughly mastered French, German, and Dutch, which proved of value to him when, in 1858, he joined Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey in the wine business which they had founded a year before. Both Sir James Blyth and his brother, Mr. Henry Blyth, are ardent politicians, and both have entertained the Eighty Club in princely fashion, and given many proofs of their devotion to the Liberal cause. Sir James had the misfortune to lose his wife last year; but has three daughters (the eldest being the wife of Colonel Alan Gardner, brother of the ex-Minister of Agriculture) and four sons, the eldest of whom is a director of W. and A. Gilbey, Limited.

Mr. Cowasjee Jehanghier, who is to receive the honour of knighthood, is one of the best known and most liberal of Parsees. He follows in the footsteps of his father, the late Sir Cowasjee Jehanghier Readymoney, of Bombay, whose philanthropy was organised on a scale of princely munificence. One of the new Knight's recent gifts has been two lakhs of rupees for a new hall in the Imperial Institute. Both Sir Cowasjee and his wife have made themselves very popular in London society, and the



RESIGNATION HONOURS.

his age. He is head of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, of Manchester, Liverpool, and Salford. For some years he was a consistent supporter in the House of Commons of Mr. Gladstone, and last represented the Stretford Division of South-East Lancashire. Few men are such connoisseurs of pictures as Mr. Agnew, and art has found in him a liberal patron.

The fine municipality of Glasgow has been complimented by the baronetcy conferred on Mr. James Bell, the Lord Provost of that city. Mr. Bell was absent from home when the Prime Minister's offer of this honour was received, but his acceptance was not delayed, and has given considerable satisfaction.

Colonel Vivian Dering Majendie, who is to be advanced to the Knight Commandership of the Bath, is the son of Major John R. Majendie, of Pipe Grange, near Lichfield. He is fifty-nine years of age. After a military career, which included war experience in the Crimea and India, he became Captain Instructor in the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich. As Assistant Superintendent of that department, he commenced those studies which led to his appointment as her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives. In the latter capacity, Colonel Majendie has been concerned in all inquiries into the various dynamite explosions engaging the attention of the Home Office. He was created a Companion of the Bath (Civil) in 1880, and his promotion is well meritad.

he was succeeded not long ago by Sir Hercules Robinson, Bart.

Journalists have a special interest in the honours accorded to Sir Alfred Milner, who was formerly on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Sir Robert Giffen, who used to write frequently for the *Daily News*. Sir Alfred Milner was once private secretary to Mr. Goschen; his rise has been very rapid, and was chiefly assisted by the excellent work he accomplished in Egyptian finance. Sir Robert Giffen is Comptroller-General of the Commercial, Labour, and Statistical Department of the Board of Trade.

Sir James Blyth, who has just become a baronet, is an ardent Gladstonian, an expert agriculturist, a remarkably successful man of business, a staunch friend and genial host, whom everybody knows and everybody likes. A director of the great firm of W. and A. Gilbey, Limited, his ability in finance and organisation has been a big factor in building up that colossal business, while his leisure has been largely devoted to the interests of agriculture in general and dairy farming in particular, Blythwood Dairy, a veritable "model," being a household word all the world over among those who are interested in scientific dairying, and having been visited by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and thousands of experts. Sir James Blyth, who is a Governor of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was born at Chelmsford, on Sept. 10, 1841, the son of Mr. James Blyth, who died in 1852, and Caroline, eldest sister

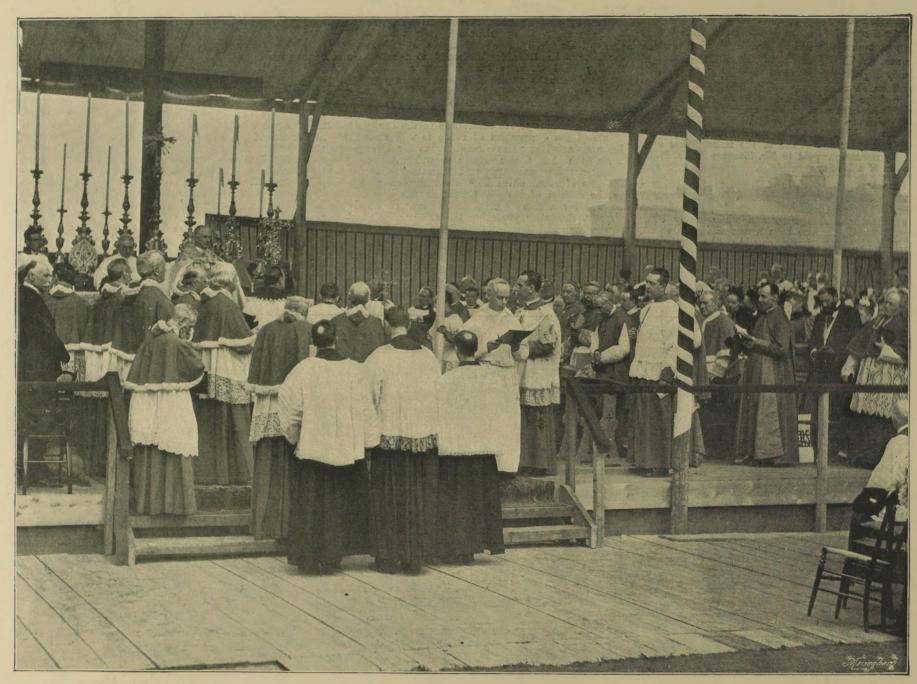
honour has given great satisfaction to their many friends in this country as well as in India.

There will, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, be "an ortolan inside a quail" as regards Lord Salisbury's large Cabinet. A committee of five—the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain—will act as an inner Cabinet as regards progressive policy.

The Hon. Armine Wodehouse, who has been appointed a Companion of the Bath, is the son and private secretary of the Earl of Kimberley. He has been asked to contest in the Liberal interest the Isle of Wight against Sir Richard E. Webster, who, it is understood, will again hold the office of Attorney-General.

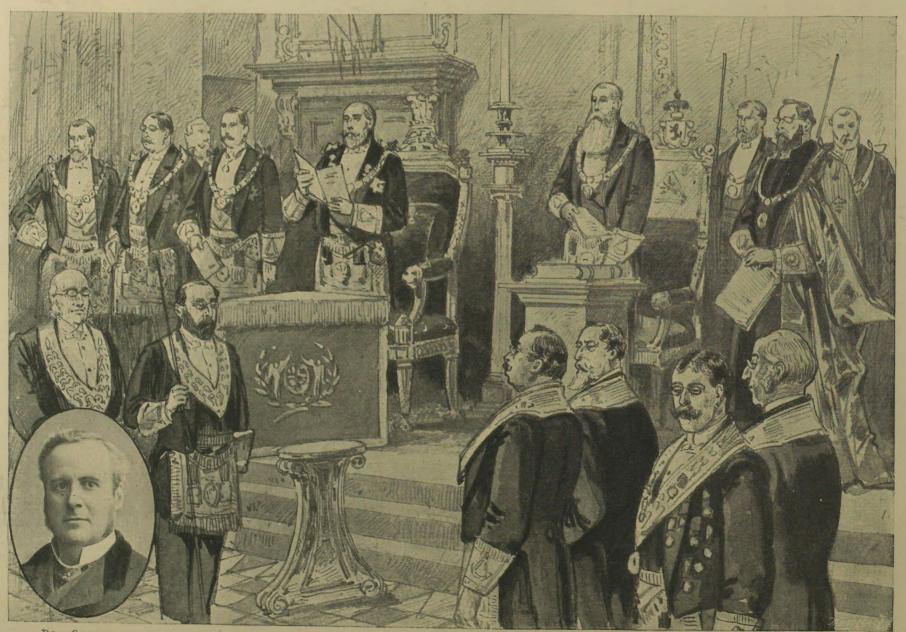
Signor Tamagno is with us no more; but, having said farewell at the opera, he was pleased to sing to us at the Queen's Hall on Monday, July 1. Tamagno in the concert-room is a little overwhelming. His voice is given to us in its condition of absolute strength and intensity, without the adventitious aid of drama, of scenery, of gay costume, to carry it off. Still it thrills, even under such conditions; and to say that is to say much indeed. The songs he chose to sing were of little moment; Ponchielli is somewhat passé; but here was Tamagno, and that was enough.

The portrait of Adolf Menzel which we reproduce on another page is by Reichard and Lindner, Berlin.



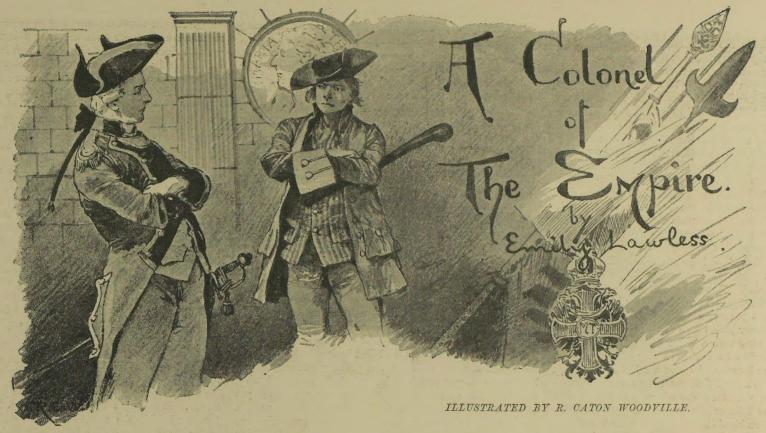
THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, WESTMINSTER: SCENE AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE ON JUNE 29.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



DR. GODSON Photo by Walery.

CONSECRATION OF THE RAHERE MASONIC LODGE, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, ON JUNE 29.



From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa.

CHAPTER I. SEPTEMBER, 176—. T has occurred to me several times lately, when I have been sitting by myself up on the knoll yonder, and thinking it all over quietly, that I ought to write down an accurate account of what really did take place at Mangan Castle on the twenty-third of June last while it is all still clear and fresh in my memory, that memory never having been the best in the world, and not being likely to get any better as time goes on. It is not that I want to show what I have written to anyone, for why should I do so? Captain Spencer, who is chiefly concerned, has always been a particular friend of mine, and is an honourable young man and a gentleman, and I should be heartily vexed to do anything that could cause him the slightest annoyance, especially anything that might help to make mischief between him and Sir Thomas Carew. At the same time there is somebody else who is also concerned in it, who is, after all, dearer to me than Captain Spencersomebody who, if it wasn't written down and properly attested in time, might easily get into trouble over it one of these days, he being then a grown man, and myself in all probability dead and gone, and not able to give him the slightest assistance. Therefore, after a good deal of thinking it all over, I have come to the conclusion that the best and the fairest thing to all concerned is just to write it down, as I say; and when I have written it down and signed it, to lock it up in my strong box, telling my nephew, Wooden-Sword, where he'll find it if he wants it, but charging him on his honour, and as he values my blessing, not to go meddling with it, nor allow anyone else to go meddling with it, except some real serious need occurs, which please God it never may, though one ought always to make provision for the worst, especially in a case where the law and the Government both come in.

Now, as regards how one ought to write out such an account, that is a matter about which, I am sorry to say, I am not at all well informed, but it seems to me that the best plan is first and foremost to try and describe the various places that I shall have to deal with, and to show how they stand one to another, since it's quite clear that if this paper ever has to be seen at all, it may easily fall into the hands of someone who hasn't a notion where Mangan Castle is, or Mangan Glen either-nay, who has perhaps never so much as set foot on the Knockmealdown Mountains in the whole course of his life.

To begin, then, with what lies nearest at hand, and which I can see at this moment—this little house of mine, namely, and property, if that last is not too grand a word, seeing that the said property covers little more than a poor seven acres. It lies about halfway up the Knockmealdowns, to the left-hand side of the path as you mount from Clonmel. That path, by the way, is anything but a very genteel one, being mostly rocks or loose stones, where it isn't pools and streams. Happily, those who use it are not generally very particular about their foot-gear, being mostly "free traders," smugglers, and the like-good people enough, but people who prefer the least observed ways, those naturally suiting their business best. Moreover, if a rough path, it is a handy one for those who want to get quickly from our side of the country to Cappoquin or Lismore without having to follow the twists and turns of the



"I have yet to learn that a man's grand relations can do very much for him, more especially when they are not even his own, but only his wife's; so that, with your leave, Major O' Keefe, I am well enough content."

regular road as it winds up the valley upon the other side

Over my head, and against the edge of the sky as I look straight up, I can see the knoll that I spoke of just now, which is my favourite spot of all the places hereabouts, being on the turn or neck of the hill, so that from it you can see both ways, back into Tipperary, and on into Waterford and Cork. Hardly an evening passes but I manage to get up there, and, having got there, I look about for a while till I find what I call my arm-chair, though it is not really my armchair or anybody else's armchair, being nothing but a bit of rock, scooped out by the rain, and full of soft dry moss. Sitting down there, I stick my elbows deep in the moss and look about me, often for an hour or more, first at our own little low-lying world yonder at my feet, and next, turning my head round, I look almost equally directly down below me on the other side, towards Cappoquin and Lismore, with that great river the Blackwater rolling past them full of sea-water between its woods towards Youghal. And so working gradually round, I get looking towards Cork and Queenstown, and in that way back along the tops of the Galtees and the Ballyhoura hills, and the other lower heights, home to Clonmel

and our own Tipperary plains once more. Tis a grand view and a noble one, at least to my thinking, not easily to be beaten in any country that I have ever seen; and, over and above what it is as a view, it seems to me to be a good deal more than a mere viewto be, as it were, a sort of summing-up and gathering together of all that I know of my own history and of the history of all my own kinsfolk and people for the last eighty years at least. For these Knockmealdown Mountains seem to us who belong to Tipperary to form a link or bridge between this poor little old world of ours down yonder, over whose small vexations we Catholics are apt maybe to worry ourselves at times more than we need, and that other big, rough, tumbling, ambitious world, to which most of us-I am speaking now of the gentry-get sent in our youth. So that, as in some plan or war-map, you may see the whole of your life, ay, and very likely the whole of your father's life too, laid out clear and distinct from the start. You can see the young boy going out in his pride and his ignorance, sitting upon the deck and looking away towards this new country, wondering, no doubt, what will happen to him there, what sort of a great man he is going to become: a field-marshal maybe, or a Count of the Empire. And, having got as far as the sea, it is no great task of the funcy, or in my case of the memory, to get a little further still, and to imagine oneself back once again in Europe, and especially in that part of Europe that I know best-Germany to wit, both the north and the south of it; the one-I mean the Empire-reigned over by the best and noblest Sovereign that ever was sent by Heaven to be a blessing to her people; the other-Prussia-ground and trampled under the heel of a cold and a bloody-natured tyrant; a great general and a great genius-for I don't wish to be unjust - but a man so detested, even by many of his own born subjects, that I have seen mensoldiers who had fought for twenty years or more under his banner, and to whom his glory ought, one would say, to have been as their very own-I have seen them curse and spit when his name was mentioned (they being where they could do it safely), and that not lip curses either, but real heartfelt ones, so that it was easy to see that nothing but the lack of opportunity hindered them from wreaking their hate upon him to the uttermost. And having thus filled one's mind for a while with all those big affairs out yonder; the big ambitions and the big battle - fields, and all the rest that one has seen and known and observed of the things there, one turns oneself about and looks down, not regretfully, I think, but very gladly and thankfully, at what lies, after all, nearest to our hearts-our own Tipperary plains, namely, stretching away as far as the Rock of Cashel, with Clonmel and Carrick, and other towns nearer at hand, not counting smaller places, villages and the like, our good old river, the Suir, dimpling and sparkling in and out of them all, like some gaily silvered ludy's garter, always bright and pleasant to look at, particularly when the sun shines clear.

These same plainy portions of Tipperary—especially when looked down at from that armchair of mine-always seem to me as if they had been meant by Nature for a great fighting ground. Yet I could never hear of any particular fighting going on there, unless it was in the quite old times, a century or more since, when Cromwell was over; the chief part of the fighting in my grandfather's time having been all well away from here, in the Limerick direction, or towards the Silvermine Mountains in the next county, and other places up and down Ireland, where King James, poor man, and we of the old faith lost everything that we had to lose, and have just had to learn to live on as best we could since upon the

That is the sort of thing that my brother-in-law, Count Kellenbogen, whenever he heard me say, used always, I remember, to cry out, " Bock ! Bock !" with a great shout of laughter at me for a Stümper. Maybe it is a Bock, and maybe I am a Stümper, but all the same I say what I do say, and what I think and what I say is that this seems to me to be quite the right sort of a place, and

quite the right sort of prospect, too, for an old soldier, who has had his full share of fighting, and has come home to settle down quietly in his native country, after not having seen it for nearly thirty-seven years.

A friend of mine, who has been lately to Ireland on business-I say no more-came to visit me here a few weeks since, and was extremely loud in his pity for what he called my "deplorable situation."

"This is a poor thrum-thrum sort of place, and a poor thrum-thrum way of life for you, Colonel O'Driscoll," said he, looking up and down at the little grounds and the little house, which last is small enough, in truth, having but four rooms to it. "And I wonder that one who has done what you have done, and who has seen what you have seen, and who has such high relations, too, in another country, does not think some shame to spend the rest of his days just picking the proshiach weeds out of a potato-

"It is a thrum-thrum sort of life, sure enough," said I, "but I do not take any shame of it, Major O'Keefe; and as for the proshiach weeds-well, I wish there were not quite so many of them. But as for growing potatoes, and eating them when they are grown, or sharing them, what's more, when there are enough, with those that have less than oneself, I think that is a good enough business for a man that can no longer get the business that he likes best, and that he is used to, which is the case, not alone with me, but with a good many others besides me, as you very well know. And as to my having grand relations elsewhere in another country, I have yet to learn that a man's grand relations can do very much for him, more especially when they are not even his own, but only his wife's; so that, with your leave, Major O'Keefe, I am well enough content."

That was no boast, but true, and I think myself that it was very well said. Only what I must confess I am not so well content with is just the quality of those same potatoes. When I first took this little piece of land from Sir Thomas Carew, it was chiefly "Floury Pete" that I grew, which is a large potato, and a fine mealy wholesome one, but I do not think that it likes the mountainy ground as well as it does the plainy parts. After that I took to "Lady Cork," but her Ladyship is a poor trashy sortwith respect be it spoken—just water or little else. Then on Sir Thomas's advice I tried the "Yellow Jackets" but the best of all to my thinking for this soil is just the good old "Brown Murphys," of which, by the way, I've been telling Danny Duck this very afternoon that he can take home a couple of kishfuls to his wife, Katty Maguire, who will be thankful for them, the creature. Indeed, how that woman contrives to feed that long young family of hers out of the little they make from me is just one of those standing miracles which ever since I have been back in Ireland I seem never able to get to the bottom of.

But, Man above! only look at what I'm doing now! Running on about potatoes, and proshiach weeds, and Major O'Keefe and Danny Duck, and the Lord knows what, and all the time not saying a single word about the very thing that I've undertaken to write about! Well, it's a bad start, there's no denying that, and what I must do now is just to begin all over again, and see whether I can't manage this time to keep a little bit nearer to the main point.

To begin, then, at the very beginning. It was upon the eighteenth of last May, I think, though I can't be sure of the date, not having made any note of it at the time. Anyhow, it was about the middle of the month, and I had come out of my house very early in the morning, and was standing near the door, when I heard a great racing and roaring outside in the heather, and the next minute Wooden-Sword came tearing up the hill-side, with his new fishing-rod in his hands. And before he was even inside the boundary wall he was bawling out at me at the top of his voice-

"Uncle Mangan! Uncle Mangan! Scaly Shamus is

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" says I, stepping forward and threatening him with my hand. "What do you mean by bawling at me in that indecent fashion? Well, what is it now? Speak up," I went on as he came and stood in front of me, panting and too breathless still to utter. "Speak up, do you hear me?" I added sharply, for though Wooden-Sword is my favourite nephew, and as fine a lad, I will say, as any in Tipperary, still, I always feel it right to keep him at a proper distance, for I don't hold with young people being encouraged to familiarity, which is apt to grow into downright boldness unless checked in time. I don't say that Wooden-Sword is downright bold, only he is too apt to forget that he is nothing after all but a child-only eleven years old. What with being the only boy at home, and what with his mother and sisters not able to make enough of him—the others being all gone, and two of them killed too, poor fellows, in the French King's service—everything seems to turn into making him seem older than he is.

"Scaly Shamus out?" said I. "Get along with you, child; I don't believe a word of it!"

"Tis true then, whether you do or don't," says Wooden-Sword, still out of breath with his running, but staring up at me with his blue eyes, and just as bold as brass. "True as that the sun's in the sky," which it was not by the same token seemingly, the morning being so overcast.

"It was in Clonmel Jail he was the last thing last night for sure and for certain," said I, still not believing him.

"Then 'tis out of Clonmel Jail he is the first thing this morning, and sooner than the first thing, too," says he. 'Yes, indeed, and out of Clonmel itself, for six men met him under the jail wall, over against the water-side, and it was two horses they had with them, and it was on to the back of one of them he got, and another man on to the other, and away with them towards Carrick. And by this time it is back again at his own place yonder on the Comeragh Mountains he will be."

By "his own place" Wooden-Sword meant, of course, "Crotty's Hole," as they call it, where Scaly Shamus and the rest of his gang had been living and hiding up to the day he was taken, three weeks before, which same taking had been a source of great contentment to the Government, he having been the head and front of all those bands of "Levellers," or "White Boys," as they call them nowadays, who had been harassing this part of the country for ever so long, pulling up the fences, houghing the beasts, playing the devil's own games over the pasture-lands, and giving no end of trouble.

"And how, may I ask, did you learn all this, Master Wooden-Sword?" said I suddenly-which was a very natural question, and the one that I ought to have put to him at the first.

At that, Wooden-Sword looked something abashed, knowing well that he had been doing what was strictly forbidden.

"Well, Uncle Mangan, I'll just tell you the truth and no lie. It was this way. I had got a few of the boys together behind the castle in the old orchard place-just Teddy the Snipe, and Flan O'Rafferty, and Crooked Mouth, and a few more. And we were—well, we were sodgering."

"Which is a thing I have again and again forbidden you to do, Sir," cried I very angrily. "Do you wish to have your poor mother and helpless sisters turned out of the only spot in the world they have to live in? Is that what you want with your sodgering, you heartless young

Wooden-Sword looked up at me out of the corners of his eyes, the way he does when I offer to give him the stick, as much as to say, "Of course you must if you will, only I know very well that you won't," which is a very provoking way he has, and one which, if anything would drive me into giving it to him, is just what would.
"Speak up, Sir," said I sternly, "and be careful that

you tell me the very exact truth."

"Well, uncle, I had got them set out in line behind the apple-trees, you know, four deep, and had just put them through their exercises, and was disploying them a bit-

"Deploying, you mean, idiot," said I.

"Yes, uncle, deploying. It was down the hill I was going to run them, and into the enemy at the bottom, just the way you and General Charles O'Kelly, and General Macrath and General O'Sullivan, and the rest of the Austrians ran into the bloody Prussians at the battle of Hochkirchen, and drove them all into the river.'

At that I groaned aloud, for this talk of mine of soldiering and campaigning and the winning of battleswhich, I must confess, is only too often in my mouth-will, I foresee, end in taking away Wooden-Sword, just as the like talk from other old returned soldiers ended in the taking away of his brothers before him. If he could only be brought to turn his thoughts into the ways of peace and quietness, he might settle down in the country, and, anyway, at the worst, might become a doctor, which, if a poor business, and scarce becoming a gentleman, is the only one that would keep him among us; unless, indeed, he were to become a priest, which God forbid that I should grudge his becoming if his thoughts ran that way, only that it 's plain to be seen they don't.

"Well, Sir, go on," said I, "and tell me exactly what you saw, for mind you, I don't believe your news yet-not a single little bit of it."

"Then you may, uncle," said he, "for I tell you I saw the whole of it from the beginning myself, as you'll soon hear. I was standing at the corner, just where the path, you know, comes through the trees, watching the boys in the orchard, when I heard a sound of feet, and two men came stealing round the corner, looking to the right and left of them as if they were 'fraid who 'd see them. So I signed to the boys to drop where they were till they had passed, thinking it might be someone would tell on us, and I crept forward myself a bit further till I close over against where they would have to come by. Presently up they came, never guessing, of course, that anyone lay hid there. One of them was a big blackavised fellow, with a hare-skin cap on his head, that I had never seen before, but the other was Shaun Oge O'Carrol, from Ballytaggard, and the big blackavised fellow was abusing him, and threatening him tremenjous.

"'Eleven o'clock to-night sharp, mind,' says he in the Irish. 'And if you're not there and the horse too, you may take to your prayers, for I'll flay the very heart out of your carcase, and you may take your oath of that before this time to-morrow.'

"'There'll be a moon! I tell you, there'll be a moon," says Shaun Oge, all shaking and shivering, as if he was taken with the cramps.

"'I don't care if there were ten moons, no nor a hundred suns either, for that matter,' says the other fiercely, only all the time in a whisper. 'And if it's not at eleven tonight I tell you it will never be in this world, for I've got the right tip, and he's to be given the Kilmainham minute at nine to-morrow in the morning, so out of it he must be got this very night, or it will be Larry's own jig, as sure as fate, for him to-morrow, in front of the Court-house.'

"So then, of course, I knew, uncle, it could be only Scaly Shamus they were talking about, and I made up my mind I'd see if it was true, and whether he did get out or not. So as soon as it got dark I just slipped down the hill and into the town with me, along by the river-bank, keeping myself well hid till I got to the back of the jail. Well, uncle, I waited there a long time, and uncommon

queer it felt, I can tell you, and the noise of the river not far off, like a whole army marching upon mehorse, foot, and dragoons, I could hear them all just as plain as I can hear that philibeen up there in the sky. And several times I was near running off, only I held on, thinking I'd see the end of it. And after I'd been there about two hours I heard a noise like scraping and scratching, only it was round the corner, so that I couldn't tell what it was, not being able to see. So I clambered through a hole there was near by in the bank, and I crawled and I crawled on my belly, rooting along as a fox does, till I got through it. Then when I had my head above ground again, I peeped up. And there I saw a heap of people gathered in a cluster at the bottom of the jail wall, looking as black as so many flies. And against the wall itself I could see something black, too, that kept turning and twisting round and round in the air, for all the world like a spider. And all of a sudden, while I was looking at it, it quit its hold and with a great drop fell into the midst of the ones below. And next thing that I saw was that the whole lot of them had scattered in all directions, like crows when you fire into the black of them, so that in a minute I lost sight and sound of everything. But presently, listening a bit, I heard a sound of horses' hoofs on the road to Carrick, so with that I made sure that he was away, and I cut off home and to bed with me, and by the first streak this morning I got out of the house again and up the hill

here to tell you, uncle."

Wooden-Sword pushed the hair back out of his eyes and looked up in my face, as much as to say "Call me a child after this again, if you can!" Indeed there was no denying that it was a very great piece of news and one that would make a wonderful deal of difference in the country,

for ever since Scaly Shamus had been taken and on the road to be hanged, there had been an extraordinary quietness and next door to no goings on at all hereabouts—not a beast killed, nor a sod turned, nor a girl carried off, nor a thing. But now with him out again, not hung, nor like to be hung, 'twould for a certainty all begin again, and worse doings maybe than before, he gaining such credit in the country as a jail-breaker and a defier of the Government.

Then I began to puzzle myself a bit, and to turn the thing over in my mind, wondering how it would be, whether for good or for bad. Not that as regards Scaly Shamus himself I could be in two minds on that point, for to tell you the truth he is just as great a vagabond and rascal as there is between this and the Rock of Dunamase, and deserves hanging ten times over if ever a man did. But the poor case is that in this country things are so mixed up and confused one with another that well-intentioned men have every now

and then to be beholden to the greatest of rapps and rapscallions, so that no one can wish them utterly abolished and done away with, else might they be wanted next time some decent man gets into trouble with the law, which law is still but too apt to be a terror to the honest, while as for the real out-and-out rascals, in nine cases out of ten they come out of its clutches clean and elever.

However, grumbling never helped anything yet in this world, and I'm not the man to give in to it myself, nor yet to encourage it in others, for if matters might be better than they are, on the other hand, they might easily be a deal worse, and the law ten times more misused than it is, only for neighbours helping one another.

"I saw a heap of people gathered in a cluster at the bottom of the jail wall, looking as black as so many flies." And against the wall itself I could see something black, too, that kept turning and twisting round and round in the air."

As for all this talk about its being changed out and out, as some Parliament people pretend, and Catholics and Protestants put upon an equality, well, I don't myself believe a word of it, there being too many big interests the other way, and the new King-the one that reigns over us now-so dead set against it, too, as everyone allows that he is. People must talk, and here in Ireland a deal of talk goes on and always has gone on about injustice, and the good God knows there is plenty of it still of one sort and another in the country; but after all, so there is in all countries the wide world over, wherever you go, as no one can spend a long life, especially when he's a soldier, and not discover. With decency and the law not over harshly pressed, I for one am content enough-yes, and loyal enough, too, as things are, till they change of their own accord, which please God they may some day, though hardly in my time.

Remembering how it was in my father's day, who, poor man! was just driven out of his life with spies and informers, and the devil knows what; especially remembering that matter of good old Bishop Finnucan, that's dead and gone; how he—I mean my father—was dragged to jail for harbouring him, and like to be fined all he had, and imprisoned for life, and branded, and put in the pillory too, only that the grand jury at the last threw out the bill. Remembering all this, how can a man have the face or indecency to go about complaining of anything that happens nowadays, seeing that the worst that can befall you is but a fleabite in comparison, and that the law seldom or never, after all, touches any honest man's life or limbs?

Meantime all this has nothing to say to Wooden-Sword, nor to Scaly Shamus either, and what happened was that I just made up my mind that as soon as the day got a little older I would walk over the hill and have a talk with Sir Thomas Carew, and tell him the news, and hear what he had to say about it, which I was sure would be a good deal. As for Wooden-Sword, the less I said to him on the subject, thought I to myself, the better, ho being already only too set up, as anyone could see, with his night's work, and with the thought that he, a child of eleven, knew what no other person in the county as yet had word or wind of. So I bade him come indoors and eat his breakfast, which he must be wanting, I said, having been up, according to his own account, pretty well all the night before, telling him at the same time to put his fishing-rod as usual into the corner, and to shut the gate, which he had left wide open, as if for the purpose of inviting in every stray cow in the barony.

With that I turned to the house, and he followed me, looking not a little surprised and offended in himself, as if he thought I might have made more of him and his grand news. However, I took no notice, but just went on as I do every day, whistling for old Sheelah and the other dogs, and bidding Katty Maguire hurry round with the stirabout, and telling Wooden-Sword to fetch his own mug, and sit down to his food as usual.

"And where are you going this morning, with that grand fishing-rod of yours?" said I, when he had eaten about half his stirabout.

"To the Anner, in course," answers he, looking up at me over his mug, with a big pout on his face.

"Is it up it, or down it, you're going?" said I, cutting a slice of bread, and not pretending to take any notice.

"I'll see that when I get there," says he, pouting still more than before.

"It will not be anywhere near Mangan Castle you are going, I am quite sure of that," said I. And that was meant satirical, for Mangan Castle is just the place where Wooden-Sword is always wanting to get to. There are plenty of good trout-holes in that piece of the river that runs below the castle, and plenty of perch, too, though those last are poor things, hardly worth the trouble of catching. There is something else in Mangan glen, however, besides trout and perch that Wooden-Sword goes looking for, and that is to see a playfellow of his, whom he is never tired of playing with. One would think that such a young Turk as he is wouldn't care for any playfellow that he could not knock about a bit, which in this case he plainly can't. Not but what she is just such another young Turk as himself, and if he doesn't knock

her about, I'll go bail she often knocks him, and that is Sir Thomas's youngest daughter, Miss Abigail, or Abby, as we call her, who is only one year younger than himself. Sir Thomas has but the two children—she and Miss Alicia, who is now nearly eighteen years of age—and a great trouble and vexation it is to him that it should be so. Not that his having no son matters so much as regards the estate, seeing that he can leave that to whom he likes, but because of the unsettled state of the country, and especially because of all this talk about abduction, and the carrying away of Protestant heiresses, which last is for ever in some people's mouths.

The terror poor Sir Thomas has of that very word "abduction" is not to be named or described! I am not saying that there's no reason at all for it, for, indeed, the thing is only too common in some parts, and a great scandal it is that it should be so, and one that ought to be put down by everyone, especially by us of the old faith, that get the worst of the discredit of it. At the same time, it's not so bad or so common as Sir Thomas thinks, no, nor within a hundred thousand miles of it.

So out of all reason terrified as he is on the subject, you'd think that he would jump at the chance of getting

fault it was too modest and too retiring altogether Captain Spencer was, not answering Sir Thomas back, or looking him straight in the face, as he ought to have done. Maybe it was that habit of his of blushing up suddenly about nothing which gave me the impression more than anything else. I have had young Germans before now under me who had the same sort of pinky complexion that he has, and in consequence the self-same habit of blushing, and I am bound to say I cannot remember that their blushes or the air of innocence it gave them made them one bit more backward than their neighbours when it came to getting their own share of what might be going. Perhaps by the time you've read all that I have to tell you you'll say the same thing of Captain Spencer, and that as for his innocence, it was rather myself that was the silly old innocent, which in this country, you know, is all but one and the same thing as a silly old fool.

However, that was my opinion in those days, so I set it down here for what it is worth, and as for what happened afterwards—well, I shall always maintain to my dying day that the person really responsible for the whole of that affair was just little Miss Abby Carew, with her tricks and her play-acting ways. In any case, right or

really knows the country would tell you if you asked him.

Just consider for yourself the amount of arranging and preparation that such an affair as that would require, not to speak of courage, too, which is not a commodity which in my experience these night-hawking gentlemen generally have any great stock of laid by. Why, the hue and the cry there'd be up and down the country, and among the poor no less than the rich, would simply bring the devil about his heels, so that any low-born blackguard that attempted to play such a trick would find himself clapped into jail—yes, and hanged, most likely, in double quick time for his pains, and very rightly and properly, too.

Father John O'Donohue was saying to me only yesterday that I was altogether too hard, in his opinion, upon this same practice of abduction, and that some allowance ought to be made on account of it being a sort of custom of the country, and that as for hanging a young man for running away with a girl, especially if she is willing to go with him, it was all but next door to as bad as hanging him for sheltering a friend or for hearing Mass, as they used to do not so long ago. Now there, with all due respect to his Reverence,



THE LONDON SEASON: PARK LANE.

Miss Alicia safely married off his hands and into the care of a good husband, one that would protect her and see that she came to no harm. So any reasonable person might suppose, and yet, if you did, you would be making the greatest mistake in life, and that's just where the whole of this botheration and trouble began that I've undertaken to write down and give a proper and accurate account of. A quieter, pleasanter, amiabler-mannered young man than Captain Spencer couldn't be found in a Protestant, and an Englishman too, which some people think such a deal of; as well as an outand-out gentleman, which to my humble way of thinking counts for a good deal more. Two years it is since he and Miss Alicia first met and fell in love with one another, he being then newly quartered at Clonmel and she little more than a child-only sixteen or less. A fine fuss Sir Thomas Carew made over him in those days, and couldn't have him often enough up to the Castle; but whatever happened, or whoever it was set him against him, from the moment he perceived what he and Miss Alicia were thinking of-whisk! he went round like a weathercock on the opposite tack, and no word was bad enough and no abuse hard enough for the poor Captain, only ballyragging him up and down the country and in every sort of company for his impudence, as he called it, in daring to dream of marrying his heiress.

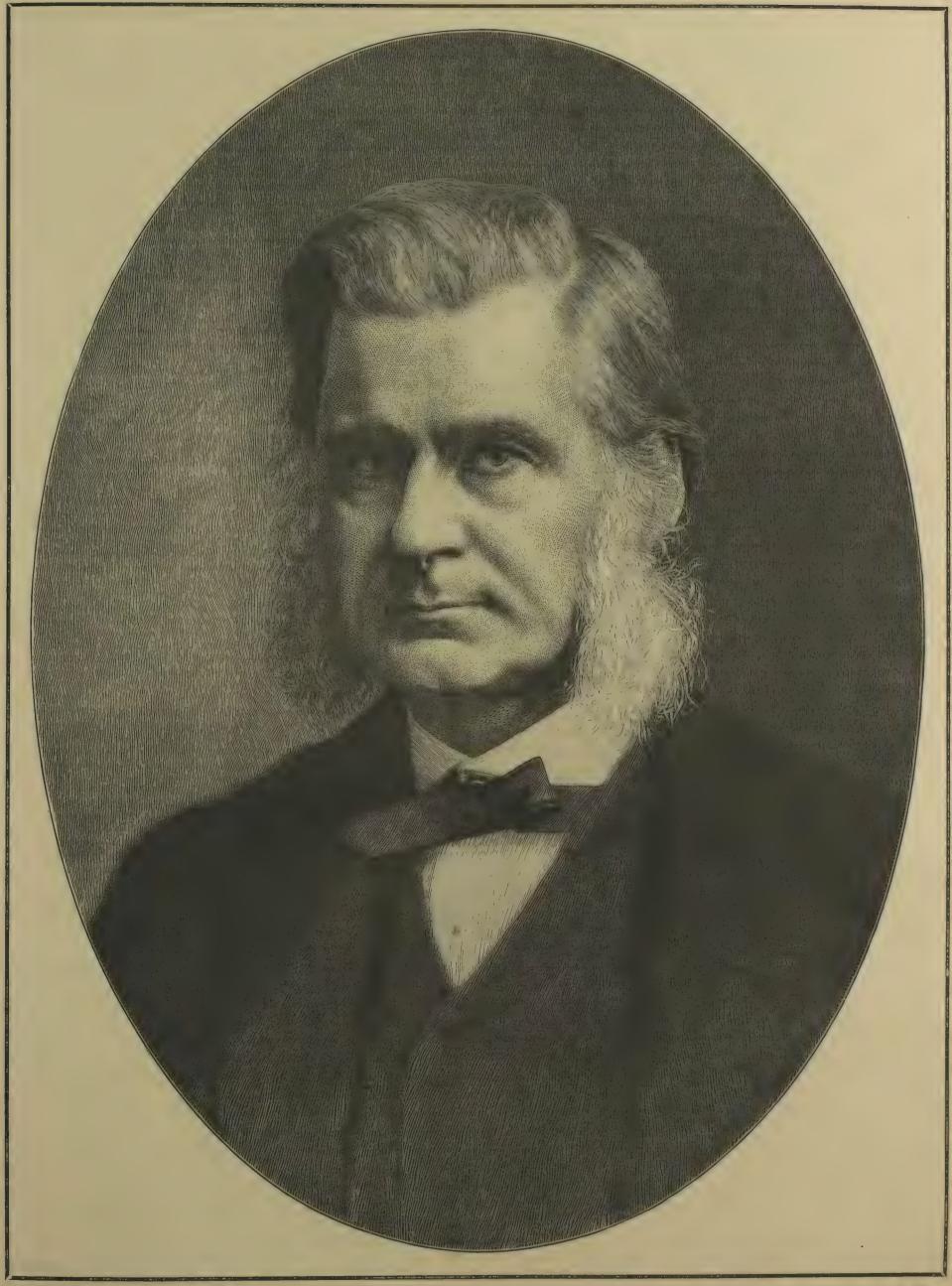
Now, so far from his being impudent, it always seemed to me—at least, it always did till lately—that if he had a

wrong, I was never tired of speaking up for the Captain to Sir Thomas, and many's the time I have worked him into a fine rage with telling him that it was thankful he ought to be to have such a quiet, gentlemanly young man come courting his daughter, and that if he went on the way he did, it would serve him perfectly right to have her carried off some moonlight night into the mountains, to come riding back upon a long-tailed garron behind some big impudent Teddy O'Flynn or Larry O'Rafferty, whom he'd have to receive as her husband!

After reading this, you'll perhaps think that it was this talk of mine—which I protest I meant only as a joke—that helped to make Sir Thomas have such a mortal dread of abduction. Maybe it was, and yet I assure you that I was never done with laughing at him about it, holding it as I did to be just a fancy and a piece of absurdity, like so many of the notions he takes up about what's going on in the country.

No doubt, as I said before, there is a good bit of such carrying away games on foot, especially among the middling sort of people. That some well-to-do farmer's daughter, or comfortably-left young widow with a good bit of money hid in a stocking in the thatch, might find herself whipped away into the mountains and married before she quite knew where she was, I'm not denying for a minute; but between that and the carrying off of a young lady like Miss Alicia, out of her own father's castle—why, there's all the difference in life, as anyone who

is just one of those points upon which he and I differ, and one, too, that I think I have a right to my own opinion about, it being clearly not a matter of faith or of doctrine. I'm not saying for a single minute that if a girl cares for a young fellow, he being of a good character, and of as good a stock as her own, with an equal fortune and a gentleman born—she being a lady—and that there is nothing against him except his creed, or, maybe, some fancy of the parents-I am not saying then that if the thing was once over and done with I mightn't be get to forgive them, for, after all, young people will be young people, and we have all of us done foolish things in our time. Also if, having been a Protestant, she herself insists upon becoming a Catholic-well, so much the better, God knows, for her soul. But to take away a girl who is not willing, or, what is in my opinion very nearly as bad, to take away a girl that is willing, and she rich, the only child, perhaps, of her parents, all that they have to look to or love in the world, and to carry her away to some wild place in the heart of the mountains, and to marry her off there, without order or decency or reverence, or friends near her-she being too young and innocentminded to know rightly what she was doing-such an act and such a practice as that, I hold, and always have held, to be a common scandal and disgrace to any country, and one that a gentleman and a man of honour should not merely not have any hand or part in, but should not allow to be so much as spoken of openly in his presence! (To be continued.)



BORN AT EALING, MAY 4, 1825.

Died at Eastbourne, June 29, 1895.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

The death of the Right Hon. T. H. Huxley, P.C., I.L.D., F.R.S., etc., which occurred at Hodeslea, Eastbourne, on Saturday, June 29, removes a striking personality. Whether in the mental qualities with which he was endowed, or in the broad, all-round culture which enabled him to use them to the full in the service of his fellows, we know not where to look for his peer.

Montaigne tells us that he was "borne betweene elven of the clocke and noone," on a certain day, 1533, and Mr. Huxley, in like quaint precision, gives the hour of his birth "about eight o'clock in the morning," on May 4, 1825. His birthplace was Ealing, then an isolated village. In the brief sketch of his early life which is reprinted in the "Collected Essays," he has little to say about his father, who was "a master in a large semi-public school." It is of his mother that he declares himself "physically and mentally the son, even down to peculiar movements of the hands." Public school and university life were not for him; only brief, unsympathetic training under people as neglectful as "baby-farmers." He wanted to be a mechanical engineer; but that cost money, and economy determined his fate as a doctor till he took his destiny into his own hands. He passed from a brief medical training under a relative to attending lectures at Charing Cross Hospital. In his twenty-first year he was lucky enough to procure an appointment in the naval service. But he was at Haslar only seven months. Bluff old Sir John Richardson, the famous Arctic explorer, saw that the young surgeon was no ordinary man, and his influence seeured Huxley the post of assistant doctor on board the Ruttlesnake. That ship was commissioned to survey the waters between Australia and New Guinea, and during his

four years' voyage Huxley made elaborate studies of deep-sea life. He sent home papers on this matter from time to time, but with scanty result, until the Royal Society printed an elaborate memoir on the Medusæ which he had forwarded to it, and set its seal upon his labours by electing him a Fellow in 1851. On his return he east about for employment on shore, and, among other attempts, offered himself for the Professorship of Natural History in Toronto University, which did him, unwittingly, the service of rejecting him. For in 1854 he was elected as Edward Forbes's successor in the Chair of Palæontology and Natural History, which he filled for thirty-one years. In 1881 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, but he held that post only four years, when he retired from his several public duties on a pension. But retirement did not mean cessation from work, whose value in its influence on his generation dates from early manhood, and lies mainly outside professional routine. Some reference to this will better fill our brief space than details of the numerous honours conferred upon Huxley from the time of his admission to the Royal Society to his election as its President, on to the later period when his merits received graceful

recognition in his creation as a Privy Councillor. But, despite the "Right Hon." prefix, he remains to us Professor Huxley, and loved so to remain, holding, in the simplicity of his nature, all titular dignity lightly. His renown rests on his high place among scientific philosophers, and upon the priceless value of his work as interpretation of modern discoveries and their significance. What his life lacked in adventure it gained in interest; in the excitement incident to his active participation in the leading controversies, the burning questions of the last fifty years. The subject-matter of these was charged with profoundest issues, and was, therefore, to those who read "the signs of the times" full of absorbing interest. Huxley's keen mental vision saw into the heart of things, pierced through the sophistries, the haziness which enveloped them, through the prejudices which hedged them.

To him, more than to any other man, Darwin's theory owes its rapid acceptance, and, what is far more important, its all-round application. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the publication of the "Origin of Species." The present generation, breathing a cooler atmosphere, knows little, save by hearsay, of the tropical storm that around that book. Huxley was "the pilot that weathered the storm" which he was the foremost in raising. Darwin sought to win easier acceptance of his theory by only hinting that it would throw light on man's origin and destiny. As with Luther and Erasmus, Darwin laid the egg that Huxley hatched. Both in lectures to working men in London and to philosophers in Edinburgh, Huxley made it clear that man is descended in mind as well as body in unbroken line from the lowest organisms. Comparative anatomy and comparative psychology alike evidence that "he is but the last term of a long series of forms which lead by slow gradation from the highest mammal to the almost formless speck of living matter which lies on the shadowy boundary between animal and vegetable life." That was a "hard saying" in those days, But the times have changed. And when Darwin died theologians joined with biologists in urging that Westminster Abbey was his

fitting burial-place. So he lies within a few feet of the grave of Newton.

As for the great, genial soul now passed away, let it be known, on the word of one who knew and loved him well, that no man of more reverent, religious feeling ever trod this earth. Passage after passage might be culled from his writings in proof of this. But there is evidence enough in his attitude when, as an original member of the London School Board, he advocated impassionately the retention of School Board, he advocated impassionately the retention of the Bible, that book which, to quote his words, "forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilisations, and of a great past stretching back to the furthest limit of the oldest nations in the world." By the study of what other book, he asks, "woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history, could children be so much humanised, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between the Eternities?" Huxley tary space in the interval between the Eternities?" Huxley felt profoundly the limitations of the human intellect. Therefore, upon matters where others spoke with assurance, he was content neither to affirm nor to deny. His was the attitude of a soul whose worship, as he has put it, "was mostly of the silent sort." No word has passed his lips that "dying, he would wish to blot"; no opinion in which time has rendered serious modification needful. In gathering together his scattered contributions into a uniform series under the head of "Collected Essays," there is scarcely a line of his peerless English which is altered. Only a footnote here and there, to include the latest knowledge on the subject treated, appears. He remains, through these essays, a translucent moral and intellectual guide; and no better mental tonic is commendable, embodying as they do the results of lifelong accurate observation, and criticisms which, while they disintegrate, at the same time construct.

Of the man himself they who knew him in the lovableness of home life will cherish a sweet and abiding memory.



THE RIGHT HON. T. H. HUXLEY. From the Painting by his Son-in-Law, the Hon. John Collier.

Perhaps no fitter words will express their feeling than those with which Matthew Arnold completes his portrait of Marcus Aurelius: "We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless; yet, in all this, agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond-tendentenque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

THE SPECTRE AND THE CAMERA. BY ANDREW LANG.

"To you," said the Speetre, "I can speak as one gentleman to another, without fear of finding my remarks in the odious publicity of print. There is nothing I hate so much as the detestable modern practice of interviewing."

The scene was the Haunted Chamber in Castle Perilous, and the Ghost's remarks took a considerable weight off my mind. For, to tell the truth, this was not the first time of our meeting. We had once been partners in a long, and to me interesting, conversation, and I had printed my notes of it in a volume, still, I believe, accessible to the curious. What he said now proved that he was not omniscient, nor a member of my small public.

tunes distinguished by painful lack of delicacy and reticence. The great, or the notorious, everywhere blab the less disreputable circumstances of their private lives to agents of the Press. And a vulgar personal vanity, I regret to say, is not confined to the living.'

"What mean you?" he asked, with an appearance of

"Why, these spirit-photographs, now so common. What but vulgar vanity can make a disembodied being-

"Keep off metaphysics," he murmured.

"Well, what can tempt the ghosts even of persons of distinction to pose before every casual amateur camera?"

"You surprise me," said the Spectre. "Living here very retired from society, scarcely ever leaving the Haunted Chamber of my family castle, I had not been aware of this distressing itch for notoriety. Can you give me any

"I can, indeed," I answered. "Only last year the Rev. Professor Hiram K. Pegram, who resides not far from Chicago, U.S., asked a friend to photograph the view of the lake from his garden. The landscape included a corner of the cemetery, and especially a large cross erected over all that is mortal of the Hon. Jabez Dodge, a defunct Senator. To make a long story short, when the plate was developed there was Senator Dodge looking round the corner of his own monument! Quite unmistakable he was. His widow was naturally distressed."

"These Americans!" exclaimed the Spectre. "Absolutely no sense of privacy! A mad craving for notoriety is their national characteristic. They were not in society in my time.'

"It is different now," I said. "The Master of Perilous-"

"My great-grandson: what of him?"

"Is about to lead to the altar Peona Snag, the lovely heiress of a leading Chicago pork-butcher. In fact, she is under the roof of Castle Perilous at this very hour."

"She is, egad?" said the Spectre. "Just excuse me for a moment!

"She's in the Yellow Room," I cried.

He was gone, and, the astral light being turned off, I was addressing myself to repose, when a torrent of raps on the wainscot announced his return.

"That marriage," he observed complacently, "is off, and to-morrow Miss Peona Snag will leave Castle Perilous, To return to our subject, these photographs of the (more or less) bodiless are confined, I trust, to Americans and to the middle classes?'

"By no means," I said. "You know Castle Mowbray?" "In the Merse? I know it well."

"When young Mowbray Markham was photographing the East Terrace last year, a figure appeared on the plate. It was that of his deceased elder brother, who was shot in Texas, ten years ago. Everybody recognised

"American influence again," said the Spectre. "These Republicans have vulgarised all our institutions. I would allow no young man of family to travel outside Europe-and

"Lord Trimmington never travelled at all," I replied, "and what do you say to his case?"

The Spectre turned pale. "Trimmington, the grandson of my dearest friend! What of him? Spare me nothing, I can bear it."

"Well, Trimmington had lent one of his houses, Tapley Hall, to the Bareacres. He died at Trimmington, and on the very day of his funeral Lady Kate Bareacres took it into her head to photograph the Balmerino chair. You know it, I daresay?"

"Yes, poor old Balmerino!—carved oak chair, a curious ancient piece of furniture. Go on!"

"The day was dark, and Lady Kate gave the plate an hour's exposure, leaving the room.'

"Did she lock the door?" asked the Spectre.

"I don't know; I did not ask."

"It is an important point," said the awful Being.

"Well, when the plate was developed there, on the Balmerino chair, sat Trimmington, in knickerbockers; faint, I grant, but perfectly recognisable. Now remember, it was the very day of his own funeral. Could anything be in worse taste than for Trimmington to hurry up (or down) and get photographed on the very first chance that presented itself? Just like a small boy when a street scene is being

'You pain me," said the Spectre. "Such levity in one of our order distresses me beyond words. But if the door was not locked (which you don't know), any idle guest may have entered and sat down on the Balmerino chair. A fancied recognition was inevitable in a superstitious age

Atanced recognition was inevitable in a superstations agalike yours."

"I hope you are right," I said. "But Democracy has deeply tainted even the best people. It would not surprise me if the ghost of one of the Queen's Maries were detected out on a bicycle, in the moonlight, at Fotheringay."

"Well, a ghost can only answer for himself," said the Spectre. "Good-night! Thank Heaven, I was born to other things."

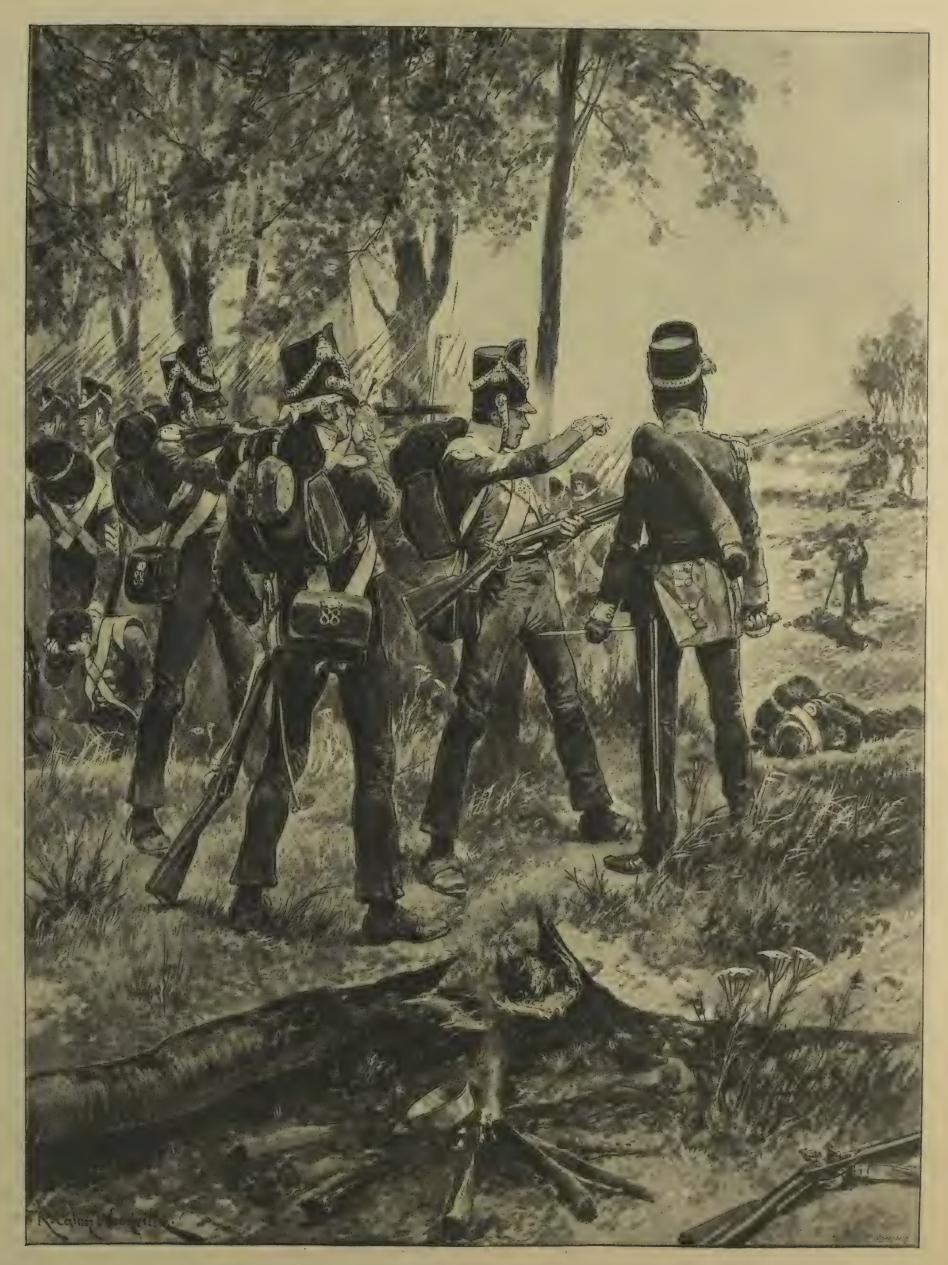
He wrung his hands and went.

He wrung his hands and went.

Next morning there was a good deal of confusion in the castle, as the American heiress, Miss Peona Snag, insisted on being driven over to the nearest station, and refused to pass another hour in the house. It was a sad affair for the Perilouses, as her dollars were terribly needed, and every-one was sorry for the Master. He had behaved very well in proposing, for he was really in love with the interior of the for he was really in love with the nursery with a clean plate, and photographed the interior of the Haunted Chamber. I locked the door, searched the room, and gave the plate an hour's exposure. I heard a few raps, and the furniture was rather larky.

Conceive my surprise on developing the plate and finding the figure of my friend the Spectre, the thirteenth Lord Perilous, in full Highland costume with his order of the Thistle, as in his well-known portrait by Gainsborough! It was a clean plate, never used before, that I swear to; and I conclude that the chance of being photographed is a thing no spectre, however conservative, can resist.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XII.- TALAVERA.



RETREAT OF THE 87th AND 88fm REGIMENTS: CORPORAL THOMAS KELLY DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF,

Drawn by R. Caton Woolville,

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XII. - TALAVERA.



CHARGE OF THE 23rd DRAGOONS AGAINST THE FRENCH SQUARES,

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY. XII.—TALAVERA.

When Sir John Moore's army, launching out on the hazardous advance and retreat that saved Spain, cut loose from Portugal, Sir John Cradock took command of the British detachments scattered about Lisbon, and tried to organise a Portuguese army, a measure eventually carried out with great success by Marshal Beresford. Meanwhile, however, the Portuguese troops were undisciplined and badly armed, and Soult, having seen Moore's army embark, resolved to turn on Portugal from the north, leaving Ney to subdue Gallicia. Cradock, with but ten thousand men, was unable to do more than hold Lisbon. Joseph Bonaparte, the intrusive king, was at Madrid, intending to organise with Marshal Victor an attack on Andalusia, or southern Portugal. The Spanish army covering the south was under Cuesta, an old, ignorant, and obstinate man, who was utterly overthrown by Victor at the battle of Medellin, March 28, 1809, but was allowed by French inactivity to gather a fresh force. Meanwhile Soult broke into northern Portugal, and surmounting obstacles of nature and the enemy, stormed Oporto on the day of the battle of Medellin, with enormous slaughter of the Portuguese. Here, however, he had to halt, beset on all sides by insurgents, and ignorant of the movements of the forces that were to help him in subduing Portugal. The dissatisfaction in his own army was also serious.

Cradock, at last reinforced, was about to march northward against Soult when he was superseded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, the victor of Vimiero, and the only English General who had hitherto added to his reputation in the Peninsula. His force of English and German troops (the latter from Hanover) was some twenty-five thousand; and the isolated position of Soult, whose force was no greater, left him open to attack. Aided by the Portuguese militia and insurgents, Wellesley pushed against Soult, passed the Douro, at Oporto, May 12, by an operation as daring as it was skilful, in the face of the French, and drove the French Marshal to abandon his guns and horses and escape through the mountains to Gallicia, several times coming within a hair's-breadth of being forced to surrender with his whole

For the time it was thought Soult's army was crippled, and it was resolved to turn the combined British and Spanish forces on Victor, who, after his victory at Medellin, had remained almost inactive, while his troops wasted by sickness. The Spaniards exaggerated their own forces and diminished their enemies' numbers in a way that deceived even Wellesley; and it was thought that by uniting the twenty-five thousand British troops with the Spanish armies of Cuesta and Venegas-one nearly forty thousand strong and the other twenty-five thousand - the fifty thousand French near Madrid might be overwhelmed before the northern French armies could come to help. With this view Wellesley and Cuesta united their forces on the Tagus and pushed up that river on the north bank, while Venegas was to occupy the French from the south. But the Allies had under-estimated Soult's numbers and his energy. Abandoning Gallicia, he united Ney's corps with his own and Mortier's, forming an army of lifty thousand nien, at Salamanca, and resolved to push southward, and cut off the allied forces as they moved up the Tagus valley. Joseph Bonaparte gathered together his forces, some fifty thousand men, leaving detachments to cheek Venegas, and hurried to meet Wellesley and Cuesta, who were now about Talayera. Marshal Jourdan, a Revolutionary veteran, was Joseph's military adviser, and his plan was to hold the Allies in cheek till Soult came down on their flank and rear. The British troops were almost starved by the failure of the Spaniards to furnish the promised rations; Cuesta and his troops were alike unre-

liable. But some initial successes induced the French to bring on a general battle, and throw away a certain advantage. On July 26. 1809, the French stampeded the Spanish vanguard, and threw the whole of Cuesta's force into disorder; yet Cuesta would not withdraw his men to the strong ground of Talavera, but left them in a hopeless position between the river Alberthe, the Tagus, and a range of hills, till Wellesley-it is said by going down on his kneesinduced the stubborn old man to retreat. The combined armies were then drawn up at Talavera at right angles to the Tagus. The Spaniards, on the right, were shielded on their right flank by the river, on their left by a redoubt and the British force; and their front, covered by ditches and vineyards, was impregnable: even if they were driven back, their conquerors would be cooped up between the English army and the river. The British line held the left, the exposed flank; their left was to rest on a hill, which

was not, however, occupied at first, and a watercourse protected the front. In this position, twenty thousand British and over thirty thousand Spaniards awaited the attack of between forty and fifty thousand French.

On the morning of July 27, the French advanced, and, surprising the British vanguard in advance of Talayera, drove it in with some loss. Colonel Donkin fortunately occupied the hill on the British left with his brigade. Victor, coming on with his troops, sent some cavalry against Cuesta's army; and suddenly a third of the Spanish army fled in irrational panic from a few dragoons. Even Cuesta went off in his coach. So strong, however, was the Spanish position that those who remained were able to hold it without trouble. Seeing this disorder, Victor tried by a sudden attack to seize the key-hill on the British left. Donkin's brigade, almost overpowered, was reinforced by General Hill, and a fierce fight in the dark ended in the repulse of the French.

Victor, however, was eager for attack, against the judgment of Jourdan; and Joseph agreed to a fresh attack on the key-point of the position. The French guns were massed to sweep the British position, and at daybreak on July 28, the divisions of Ruffin and Villatte charged upon Hill's post. A fierce fight resulted in the repulse of the French with considerable slaughter. These constant attempts to turn or force the left flank induced Wellesley to move nearly all the allied cavalry to that side to stop a flanking movement.

The French commanders now discussed the chances of a general battle. Victor urged fresh attack; Jourdan wished to wait for Soult; Joseph, fearing for the safety of Madrid, threatened by Venegas, decided to try to defeat the Allies before returning to secure the capital. A general attack was organised. Ruffin's division on the French right was to turn the British left, while Villatte's division and half of Lapisse's assailed the hill. The rest of Lapisse's division was to attack the British centre, while the troops of the fourth French corps fell on Wellesley's right and the junction of the allied armies. The Spaniards were merely observed by cavalry.

Up to one o'clock in the afternoon all was peaceful, and soldiers of both armies, in a temporary truce, went down to drink at the brook between the lines; but soon after the French attack opened in imposing force. The attack on the English right was soon repelled by Campbell's division, with some Spanish help, and ten guns captured; but the fortunes of the day hung in the balance elsewhere. Seeing Villatte's division moving to turn the hill on the left, Wellesley ordered the 1st German Hussars and the 23rd Light Dragoons to charge the advancing masses. Halfway to the enemy a deep cleft checked the advance of the cavalry; and the Germans reined up on the brink. But the 23rd, finding a less precipitous place, plunged down the cleft, and struggling up to the further bank, charged through the French infantry into their cavalry in support. The charge was unsuccessful: overpowered by numbers, the 23rd lost half their muster; but the confusion they caused and the menace of another charge from the masses of allied cavalry checked Villatte and paralysed Ruffin's turning movement. The hill on the left, though attacked, was held without

difficulty; but in the centre the English Guards, following up a French repulse rashly, were broken, and confusion was spreading to the German Legion. At this crisis Wellesley sent the 48th Regiment down from the hill on the left to fall on the flank of the advancing French. The British centre rallied, and the French, giving up the struggle, retired to their first position. The victors were in no condition to follow. In the fights of the 27th and 28th over six thousand of Wellesley's army had been killed and wounded. The French had lost over seven thousand, and seventeen guns; but the difference in quality in the two parts of the allied army left Joseph less weakened than his enemies.

The Battle of Talavera had no great results except glory to Wellesley and his men. Soult came down with fifty thousand men, and by August 3 was in the Tagus valley in the rear of the Allies. Joseph and Victor had fallen back near Madrid, but now again advanced. There was but one course to save the allied forces, and Wellesley took it. He crossed the Tagus, leaving his wounded, or rather having them abandoned by Cuesta, at Talavera, and took up a strong position south of the river. From this post the lack of supplies and the impracticable temper of the Spaniards forced Wellesley to withdraw to Portugal, firmly resolved never again to co-operate with Spanish generals. The French armies returned in part to the north, and Venegas was beaten by Sebastiani at Almonacid. Soult's plan of marching on Lisbon before Wellesley could return thither was not adopted, and that general retreated unmolested. After his peparture the Spanish southern army, now under Areizaga, rushed down towards Madrid in a mad advance, and was annihilated at Ocaña, Nov. 20, 1809, and early in 1810 the French pushed on into Andalusia.

Yet the Battle of Talavera had its moral effects: it confirmed and stamped the high opinion that was beginning to be held of British troops and of Wellesley's talents as a general; and it probably had no small share in causing a certain reluctance to attack, often noticeable in French commanders later on in the war. Further, the experience of Talavera caused Wellesley to avoid that reliance in Spanish aid which might have ruined him, and had already paralysed many worthy efforts of England. A. R. R.

Mr. Gladstone since his return to London has been very busy. He has been working at the British Museum in connection with his "Life of Bishop Butler," into the preparation of which he has thrown much enthusiasm. He visited Haileybury College, whose head master is his nephew, and received a hearty greeting from the boys. Mr. Gladstone was not, however, drawn into making any speech, interesting though the occasion was. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to Hawarden on the afternoon of June 20

The Portman Rooms were a very gay sight on Thursday, June 27, the opening day of the grand bazaar held in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital. All round the big hall stalls were arranged prettily decked with white and yellow muslin, and heaped with a bewildering variety of goods, useful and the reverse. There was needlework, of course, of every description, from very plain sewing up to the most dainty fancy work. There were dolls and toys, china and lamps, cigars and cigarettes to allure the male visitor, and a fascinating assortment of French confectionery and bonbonnières. The tables were attractively adorned with bowls of roses, hydrangeas, and marguerites. A band of about a dozen young ladies acted as waitresses, in a pretty uniform consisting of a white silk skirt and white muslin blouse, with a ruche of pink roses round the neck, and a burnt straw hat trimmed with pink roses and white ostrich feathers.

The Princess of Wales was received on her arrival by Sir William Broadbent, and escorted round the stalls. She was still in mourning, wearing a black silk dress trimmed with jet, and a chiffon ruffle with a knot of heliotrope. Princesses Victoria and Maud, who accompanied her, wore dresses of heliotrope silk Broadbent, at the Princess's request, declared the bazaar open, and afterwards the Chairman of the Board of Management, Colonel Stanley Bird, the Vice-Chairman, Mr. T. R. Mellor, the Rev. C. T. Ridgeway, Mr. Malcolm Morris. Lady Broadbent, Mrs. Mellor, and Mr. Thomas Ryan were presented to her Royal Highness. A number of artists had kindly given their services, and a room was arranged as a theatre, where delightful dramatic entertainments were given by Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Yorke Stephens, and Mrs. B. Hannen. A concert was also given under the direction of Mr.

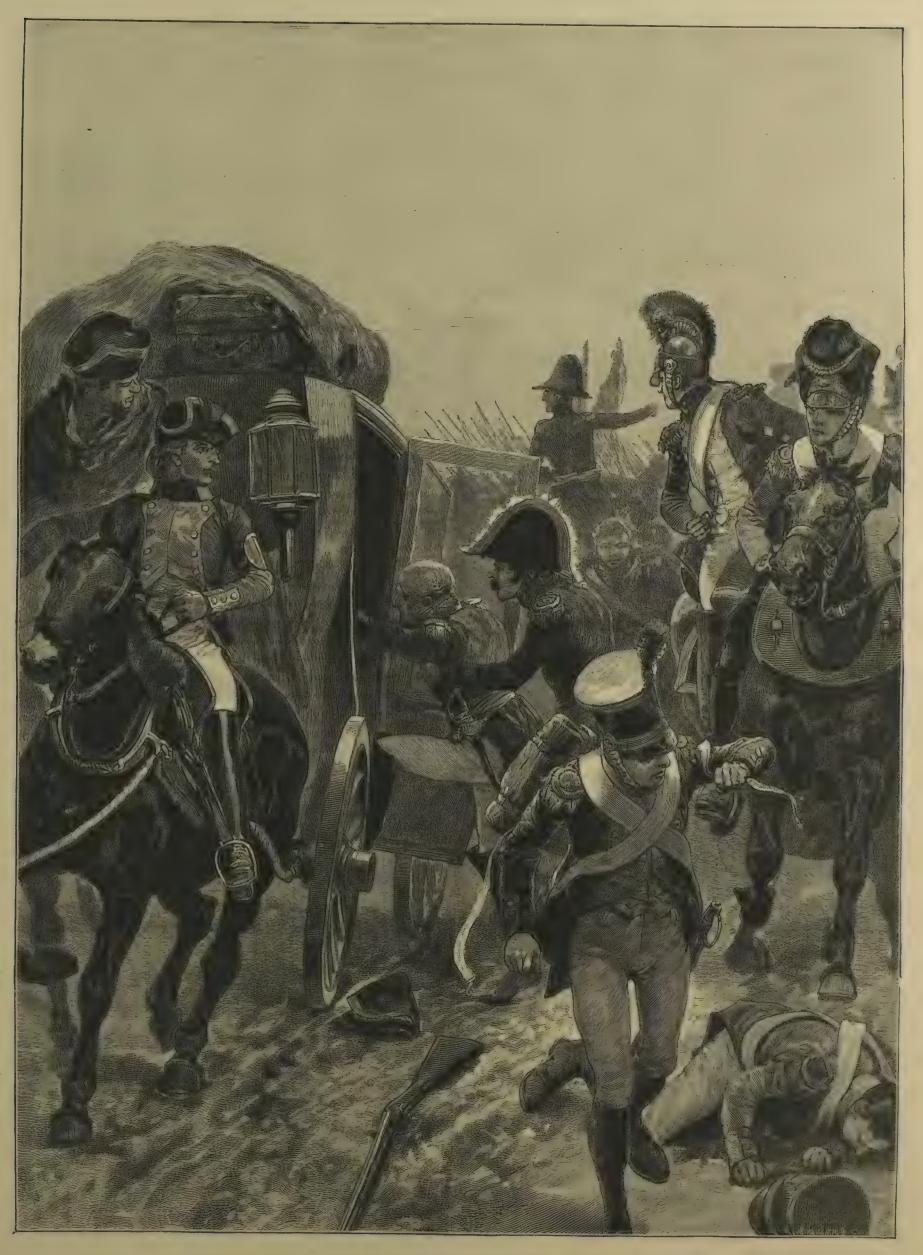
Wilhelm Ganz.



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

This casket, containing the autograph letter from the Ameer of Afghanistan, and presented to her Majesty the Queen by H.H. the Shahzala, is one of the finest ever executed. The length is over 18 in., the width 13 in., while the height exceeds 11 in. It is octazinal oblong in form, and consists of solid 18-carat gold embellished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. The centre panel on both sides contains the arms of Afghanistan richly enamelled. From the four top corners spring magnificent half stars, containing upwards of 178 fully-cut brilliants in cach. The lid is slightly domed and classed with devices emblementical of the flora of Afghanistan: ascending from this are six massive pillars of lapis lazuli, with gold capitals of a Turkish character, surmounted by six Mohammedan crescents, each composed of twenty-four large brilliants, capped by turrets or finals in gold. From the top of the temple thus formed spring six elegantly chased and jewelled arches cowned with the sixteen-point diamond star of Afghanistan, having a diameter of 4 in., and composed of lass brilliants. The casket is valued at £6000, and has been designed and entirely produced by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XII.-TALAVERA.



THE FLIGHT OF THE SPANISH TROOPS UNDER GENERAL CUESTA: SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RESTORES ORDER.

**Drawn by R. Caton Woodv. No. 2.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

Owing to his accident the Duc d'Orléans was unable to "give his sister away" the other day, and the pleasant office devolved upon the bride's uncle, the Duc de Chartres. Chance in this instance proved an excellent stage-manager, as it nearly always does: for the younger and only brother of the late Comto de Paris was more intimately connected in the past with the House of Savoy than any other member of the d'Orléans family. It was at the Special Military School of Piedmont that Robert Philippe d'Orléans received his military training. It was as sub-lieutenant in an Italian cavalry regiment that he first gained his experience of practical soldiering in the field.

And those who are still alive remember with pride the prowess of the young French prince, for let there be no mistake about it, whatever their faults, these d'Orléans are a brave race. So brave that the gossiper does not even stop to recount their deeds of bravery. But amid their valour the bitterness of their exile weighs heavily upon them, and gives rise to scenes more pathetic in their simple pathos than the most glorious feats of heroism. One day the young lieutenant is sent with an order to Colonel Chabron, a soldier of the old school, somewhat rough but generous and kind-hearted withal. At the end of the interview the colonel expresses his surprise

that an Italian should speak such perfect Erench. "But I am a Frenchman, mon colonel," comes the immediate answer. "You are French, and fighting under the Italian colours," repeats the old soldier, and a shade of suspicion comes over his face. "H'm!" he coughs, "what is your name?" "De Chartres, mon colonel." At the sound of the name, the colonel stands perfectly still, he tries to draw himself to his full height, but he fails, two big tears course down his tanned and furrowed cheeks. His memory takes him back to an African scene, where the father of the young fellow who stands before him led the attack when he, the seasoned campaigner now, was but a youngster. "Let us drink to the memory of your father, Monseigneur," he gasps, filling two glasses on the table. "Let us drink to France, mon colonel," suggests the young lieutenant. And the two pledge their country amid deep silence.

This is the bitterness of the cup of exile, and the d'Orléans family have drained it to the dregs, and nowhere more than in that smiling Surrey county which is so inseparably connected with their history. A few miles distant from Kingston stands Claremont, where Louis Philippe and his wife breathed their last: Claremont, where Queen Amélic's most unfortunate grand-daughter, the wife of Maximilian of Austria, came to bid her farewell before sailing for Mexico, whence her husband was not to return alive, whence she, the ill-fated Princess Charlotte, was to return, already then practically bereft of her senses.

Claremont is no longer the home of the head of the d'Orléans family. The hopes of the party, if there be any hopes left, are centred at Stowe, but Stowe itself is gradually becoming solitary. The young ones are leaving the widowed mother's side, and the prospect of a return to France does not appear to become brighter as time goes on. One would not willingly prejudge matters, but the Republic,

rotten as it is, gives no signs of coming to pieces. One cannot even apply the axiom of Carlyle to it: "Meanwhile, it is singular how long the rotten will hold together, provided one does not handle it roughly."

Assuredly the Third Republic has been handled roughly enough during the quarter of a century of its nominal existence by its quasi-champions. One tithe of that rough usage if given to it by the late Comte de Paris would have made it crumble to atoms. Unfortunately for France, the Comte de Paris was not the man to handle anything roughly, and least of all France. He was under the impression that France might be won by sonnets in the shape of manifestoes; he forgot what George Eliot implied with regard to women-that they prefer propinquity, not to say juxtaposition, to any number of love-poems. And France is essentially a woman. Through having forgotten this, a virtuous prince, admirable in every private relation of life, descended to his grave a mere pretender, and a very platonic one at that, instead of dying on the throne of his ancestors.

Will his son be more fortunate, or, to put the case correctly, more daring, more reckless? It is difficult to say. I know nothing of the Duc's intellectual attainments, but he seems to me to combine some of the qualities of his grandfather, whose title he has revived, of his granduncles, the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville, and of his uncle, the Duc de Chartres. He wants an opportunity. But he must remember that Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.

made their own opportunities. The attempts of the latter at Strasburg and Boulogne seemed at the time as foolhardy and ridiculous as the Duc's own of a few years ago to enter the French army by force. But ridiculous or not, they were better than inactivity. One day a Florentine lady went to Macchiavelli to complain of her son. "He does things badly," she said. "It is better to do things badly than not to do them at all," was the answer. "A bon entendeur, salut, Monseigneur le Duc."

The recent performance of the "Hymn of Praise" at the Crystal Palace was remarkably fine. The choir and orchestra numbered nearly three thousand, and under Mr. August Manns' inspiring enthusiasm they did their work from beginning to end with astonishing ability. When one learned that only two rehearsals had taken place, there was further reason for giving the singers and players exceptional congratulations. In fact, the critics could conscientiously render a "hymn of praise" in honour of the mighty forcesso carefully controlled by Mr. Manns. Madame Albani, Madame Clara Samuell, and Mr. Edward Lloyd were all in excellent voice, despite the wearying effect of the great heat. Madame Albani subordinated her remarkable voice with rather more restraint than is her custom in the duet "I waited for the Lord," with the result that Madame Samuell's refined style had its chance



ADOLF MENZEL, THE VETERAN GERMAN ARTIST.

or assertion. The miscellaneous part of the programme was not quite so successful, for the items neither harmonised nor contrasted effectively. Madame Albani, of course, sang "The Trio of Flutes" with all the vocal skill of which she is capable; but the selection was not well suited to so vast an auditorium. One must conclude with a recognition of the admirable arrangements made by the Crystal Palace Company for the comfort of all concerned.

With the very laudable object of contributing to a fund in aid of the daughters of the late Will Carleton, a concert of Irish music was given on June 29 in St. Martin's Town Hall. Those who recall the poet's familiar stories in verse "Over the Hill to the Workhouse" and "Betsy and I Are Out" should take an opportunity of helping the daughters of Carleton. He took homely themes, but all of them he illumined with the sympathy which had learnt its song in suffering.

England will soon be completely mapped out for county gatherings in London. Cornishmen, Yorkshiremen, Lincolnshiremen, Devonians, have each their respective occasions for meeting annually at the festive board. And now East Anglia has determined to follow the example. We shall soon hear of those inhabitants of the Scilly Isles who happen to live in the metropolis foregathering in this pleasant fashion, and renewing their acquaintance with one another. East Anglia has sent to London not a few eminent literary men, and there ought to be a brilliant collection of them when "East Anglians in London" meet together.

ADOLF MENZEL.

The famous German painter and draughtsman, Professor Adolf Menzel, was recently honoured by the Emperor in a manner wholly unique, and at the same time singularly picturesque. Menzel is the unrivalled delineator of the times and types of the reign of Frederick the Great, and the Kaiser, whose admiration for his renowned ancestor is unbounded, determined to distinguish the old man in some original way after a fancy of his own. So he bade him to a banquet at the Palace of Sans-Souci (Frederick's superb creation near Potsdam) the other evening, and, on the painter's arrival, Emperor William and all his guests were attired in Court costumes of the period immortalised by Menzel. In the "adjutant" who greeted him he at once recognised his imperial master, but with ready wit he asked the "officer" to convey his humble thanks to the King's Majesty. Music of the days of Frederick the Great was thereafter performed in the very rooms where the lonely philosopher of Sans-Souci had ofttimes sought surcease of sorrow, of thought, or even of sensation, by making melody on his beloved flute.

Menzel was born in 1815 at Breslau, where his father managed a successful business as a lithographer. He expected his son to follow in his footsteps, and with this view sent him, in 1830, to study the business at Berlin. Here some designs Adolf Menzel had made

attracted the notice of the distinguished painter Gottfried Schadow, who offered him admission to his studio. For some years, however, Menzel continued to work upon the stone, producing a variety of scenes of Prussian and Brandenburg history, which attained great popularity. It is on such themes that for nearly sixty years Menzel has been working in oils, water-colours, and as a lithographer. "The Round Table of Frederick the Great" (his favourite hero), "The Flute Concert at Sans-Souci," are among his more important oil pictures, and by these he is represented in the National Gallery at Berlin. There is, however, scarcely a public or private picture collection in Prussian Germany where his works are not to be found. When not depicting the episodes of the cycle of Frederick the Great he has been engaged upon other equally stirring national subjects, from the meeting of Blücher and Wellington at Waterloo to the campaigns of the Austro-Prussian and Franco-German wars, in which he rendered full honour to the "Modern Cyclops," as he designated the Emperor William's army. Menzel's art is vigorous rather than refined. He cares more for men than for women, and although his technique is always masterful, the lines of his composition are often careless and inartistic. In a word, he is a realist to whom the actual factors of a group count for more than its general effect. The uniforms and the decorations of the officers, the harness of the horses, are to him as important as if they were historical documents liable to be consulted by any future student of tho times. In his famous picture, "The Return of the Troops to Berlin," more attention is shown to composition. The windows crowded with ladies showering bouquets on the victors, and the mass of troops defiling through the gay streets, gave him an opportunity of which he took full benefit. In a very different spirit he also painted the interiors of the churches of Innsbrück and Salzburg, the foreground resplendent with colour, fading away into solemn mystery. Menzel has in the course of his long career received honours from the principal

academics of Germany, and his merits have been equally acknowledged in France and Belgium. Although much of his work in oils will be esteemed in his own country—as much for the episodes with which it deals—it is probably as the most masterful of designers on stone that Adolf Menzel will in future be remembered, and his name as the "patriotic painter" will be more familiar in the cottage than in the picture gallery. As an example of Menzel's work, we reproduce on the opposite page a portrait of General von Zieten from a remarkable volume of German woodcuts, "Aus König Friedrichs Zeit," published in Berlin in 1856.

The new member for Cork, Mr. J. F. X O'Brien, has had as thrilling a career as probably any member of the House of Commons. After carrying on the innocuous trade of a tea-merchant in Dublin, this gentleman was tried in 1867 for high treason, and received the pleasantly complete sentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. However—as Mr. O'Brien's present existence indicates—this sentence was never carried out, but was commuted to penal servitude for life. This, again—as the position of Mr. O'Brien in Parliament for the last ten years proves—was also changed into imprisonment for a specific period. No one who gazes at Mr. O'Brien's mild face and pale blue eyes could ever suspect for a moment that he was a man who had passed through such varied experiences. He is now sixty-four years of age.



HANS JOACHIM VON ZIETEN, ONE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT'S MARSHALS. By Adolf Menzel.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the wonders of insect-life the ways of the ants have always stood out prominently as illustrations of the foreshadowing in lower life of the social existence of higher beings. Instincts of slave-making and of storing grain, for example, present us with traits of ant-character of extreme interest, and we have also to reckon with the practice of agriculture as another and additional virtue of this insect-group. In Sonora, in Mexico, we learn from the account lately given by Professor W. T. McGeo, the agricultural ants are to be found. These ants are tenants at will. They pay no rent it is true, but are certainly to be commended for their marvellously industrious ways. It seems that a clearing is first made by the ant-settlers, and this clearing tenance is the second that a clearing is first made by the ant-settlers, and this clearing tenance is the second that a clearing is first made by the ant-settlers, and this clearing may vary in diameter from a few feet to thirty feet or more. The open space is really a playground or an exercise-yard, for it is at the margin of the space that the crops of the ants grow. The crop consists of a grass which is said to grow luxuriantly all round the edge of the clearing, and the grass ring itself varies from 3 ft. to 20 ft. in width. Breaks in the grass ring afford entrance to and exit from the clearing, which is thus brought into communication with other ant-farms. munication with other ant-farms.

The seeds of the grass form the food-store of the ants, and in the district inhabited by them other vegetation is extremely scarce. The statement is made that other plants extremely scarce. The statement is made that other plants are actually exterminated by the ants, in order to preserve free from harm or plant-invasion their own clearings. Dependent on their plant-food, the ants take every care of their crops. The ground is prepared and the seeds harvested; the whole operations of the insects being apparently conducted according to a routine which is not, perhaps, surprising to us in view of the highly specialised instincts patel in other ants. noted in other ants.

If the species of ant which Professor McGee has described is the agricultural ant of Texas (Myrmica mole-faciens), its harvesting and agricultural operations have long been known; while the Pheidole providens of India is an Eastern species exhibiting the same traits—this ant, according to Colonel Sykes, collecting so large a store of grass-seeds that the supply lasts the colony from January and Pebruary, when the seeds ripen, till October. The Texas ant builds paved cities, makes roads, and maintains a standing army. The pavement it constructs is made of coarse sand and grit, and mounds are built rising three or four feet from the pavement. In the mounds—an obvious provision against the inundations of the rainy season—the eggs, young, and grain-stores are placed. The ants harvest the grain and remove the chaff, storing the seeds in dry cells. One author actually maintains that the ants sow the grains, but this last observation wants confirmation. The calling to described is the agricultural ant of Texas (Myrmica molebut this last observation wants confirmation. The calling to mind of the agricultural habits of the ants serves to impress anew on us the extreme interest which attends the study of even an ordinary ant-hill and its ways. Solomon's advice may well be followed by other and more creditable types of humanity than the sluggard.

The annual report of my friend Dr. Clouston, of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane, always forms most interesting reading. His report for 1894 has just reached me. The record of the fortunes of a great asylum and the opinions of an expert in lunacy regarding the work he is called upon to supervise in the way of caring for, and, happily, often curing, the troubles of the brain, are together suggestive topics enough, even for the man in the street. Dr. Clouston, among other details, devotes a paragraph to the idea that inspirit is increasing. the idea that insanity is increasing. He denies that such increase is a reality of modern life. The explanation of the alleged spread of brain-disease really lies in the fact that many more persons are sent to asylums than was formerly the case; and "there," says Dr. Clouston, "they live longer and are better treated." But the modern nerve malady par excellence is general paralysis, which is "a breakdown of the great centres of mind and motion in the brain." This ailment is on the increase and unfortunated brain." This ailment is on the increase, and, unfortunately, its cure is as yet hopeless.

Speaking of causes of insanity among women—and specially among working women—Dr. Clouston makes a very important observation when he says that he preaches to such patients the doctrine of "a walk in the fresh air every day, a cheap and efficient means of health greatly neglected by 'working women.'" This is a noteworthy remark, and one which should be remembered, and, what is more, acted upon. "Modern hygiene," says Dr. Clouston in another passage, "has been epigrammatically said to resolve itself into drains and water."—that is healthy drains and pure water. Would that that is, healthy drains and pure water. Would that we could all keep this epigram well before us! It is so true. Brain-hygiene, however, is a matter of care of personal health, of wise education, of the avoidance of overstrain (and worry) and of all other conditions which tend to build up the healthy organism, There is also a deal of pathos in Dr. Clouston's remark There is also a deal of pathos in Dr. Clouston's remark that "little may make the difference whether an originally sensitive and highly imaginative brain becomes, under had conditions, insanely delusional, or under good ones, brilliantly imaginative. Many such brains, well worth taking care of, are now lost to the world through bad conditions." ecomes, under bad This is a new way of putting Dryden's familiar line about the "thin partitions" which separate great wits from

Those of my readers who are interested in astronomical topics will find a very readable series of articles on Mars in course of publication in the Atlantic Monthly (A. P. Watt and Son, London). The papers are from the pen of Mr. Percival Lowell, and present a very admirable summary of all that is really known regarding our earth's nearest neighbour. The view Mr. Lowell takes of the "canal" system of Mars is that the special appearances presented by these markings are due not to water but to vegetation. What we see in a canal of Mars is not the canal itself, but the vegetation growing along its banks. This view, he contends, explains a great many difficulties not soluble on the ordinary theory of the "canals" being mere waterways. Those of my readers who are interested in astronomical the ordinary theory of the "canals" being mere waterways.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, II J B (Kentish Town).—We cannot reply by post. The problem is rather too simple for our purpose, but we are much obliged to you for pointing out to us its leading features.
- out to us its leading features.

 J T Wesley.—Your philosophy interferes with your chess, and ought, therefore, to be repressed. In No. 2672 if White play 1. B to R 6th, R to Kt 7th is a sufficient defence. Thanks for enclosures.

 A C CHALLENGER.—Problem to hand with thanks.

 W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Probably you will find the position in the "Chess Problem," and we can remember one of A F Mackenzie's in which the same liberty is allowed. Problems very acceptable.
- When the same inderty is allowed. Problems very acceptable.

 If E Kidson.—Received with many thanks.

 A A Bowley (Henfield).—We are much obliged for information as well as game. The latter we hope to publish shortly.

 J M K Lapron (Richmond).—Thanks for explanation. The problem will probably appear.

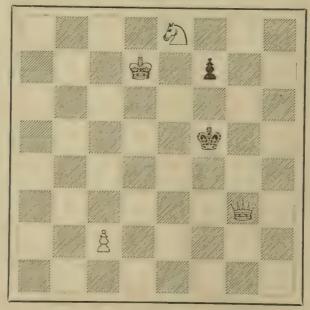
probably appear.

Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2665 to 2667 received from Upendramath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2668 from A A Bowden (California); of No. 2670 from E Ellaby; of No. 2671 from W W Strickland (Liguria), and W D Mead (Hoylake); of No. 2672 from J Bailey (Newark), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J D Tucker (Leeds), Charles Wagner (Vienna), Joseph O'Brien (Whitenich, N B), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and W Lillie (Marple).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2673 received from E Louden, T Roberts, E G Boys, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), H S Brandreth; Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W Wright, Alpha, C E Perugini, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Sorrento, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Waller (Luton), F Leete (Sudbury), Shadforth, S Hodgkinson (Lewes, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), J S Wesley (Exeter), J D Tucker (Leeds), A Newman, Oliver Icingla, W R Raillem, G R Bennett, and W P Hind.

Solution of Problem No. 2672.—By Jose Paluzie. 1. B to B 3rd 2. Mates accordingly.

> PROBLEM No. 2675. By J. T. ANDREWS. BLACK.



WHITE White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE

One of two games between the Chess Clubs of St. Petersburg and Paris		
(Evans Gambit).		
WHITE (St. Petersburg), BLACK (Paris), WHITE (St. Petersburg), BLACK (Paris)		
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th	30, P to R 4th	R to Q Kt sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd	31. K to Q 3rd	R to K B sq
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th	32. P to K B 4th	R to Q sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P	33. K to B 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th	34. P to R 5th	Kt to B 4th
6. Castles P to Q 3rd	35. B to B sq	P to B 4th
7. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd	36. Kt to K 3rd	
8. Q to Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd	Black's Knight in th	his position must be
9. P takes P P takes P	removed if any progress is to be made.	
0. R to Q sq R to Q sq 1. R to Q 5th	36.	Kt takes Kt
	37. B takes Kt	P to B 5th
An unusual but highly important con-	38. B to B 5th	K to B 3rd
1. B to Kt 3rd	39. B to Q 6th	K to Q 4th
	40. K to Q 2nd	R to Q 2nd
Kt to K B 3rd looks at first sight romising, but the answer is B to R 3rd.	41. K to K 3rd	R to Kt 2nd
2. B to Q Kt 5th Q to K 3rd	42. R to R 4th	R to Kt 8th
If Kt to R 4th, 13. B takes B (ch). Q takes	43. B to Kt 4th	R to Q 8th
3. 14. R takes P (ch), with good prospects.	44. K to B 3rd	R to B 8th (ch)
3. B takes Kt Q takes B	45. K to Kt 4th	K to K 5th
4. Kt takes P Q to K 3rd	46. R to R 2nd	B takes P
5. R takes B R takes R	There seems nothing	better on the board.
6 Q takes Q (ch) Ptakes Q	walle threatens K to C	R 2nd, R to () 2nd
7. Kt takes R K takes Kt	and other powerful a Black gets a fair equiv	alent in material in
The wholesale exchanges bring about	exchange for the piece.	
n apparently even game, and White's	47. P takes B	R takes P (ch)
absequent success is developed from very	48. K to Kt 3rd	R to B 6th (ch)
	49. K to Kt 2nd	R to B 4th
S. K to B sq	50. R to R 4th (ch)	K to Q 6th
In order to support the Pawn by P to 3rd, after Black's Kt to B 3rd.	51. R to Q 4th (ch)	K to B 7th
The state of the s	59 D tolog D	TO 4 - 1 YE TO

R takes K P Kt to B 3rd R to Q B sq 53. R to Q B 8th Some very pretty end-play distinguishes this part of the game. to Q sq appears bett
Q. Kt to Q 2nd
Q. B to Kt 2nd
C. K to K 2nd
C. P to Q. R 4th
R takes P
C. R to B 4th (ch)
P to K 5th
P to K 5th
C. Kt to B sq
Che attempt to plan
The attempt to plan R to R 4th
P to Q Kt 4th
K to B 3rd
P takes P
B to Kt 3rd
K to K 2nd
Kt to Q 4th
B to K 6th
B to K 4th 53.
54. B to K B Sth
55. K to B 3rd
56. P to Q B 4th
57. P to Q B 5th
58. K to Kt 3rd
59. B to Q 6th
60. B to Q Kt Sth

The attempt to plant this Bishop on the King's side is the beginning of Black's difficulties.

The attempt to plant this Bishop on the King's side is the beginning of Black's difficulties.

By R to K Kt 4th B to R 3rd

The Pawn cannot be stopped except at The Pawn canno

The final tie in the contest for the Counties' Chess Championship was played on June 22 at Reading, between Gloucestershire and Sussex, when the latter proved victorious by 9\frac{1}{2} to 6\frac{1}{2}. The fatigue of travel on both sides was not conducive to good chess; but one or two fine games were played. Mr. Fedden, the Gloucestershire captain, defeated Mr. Wilson, the rival leader.

The copy of manuscript Gospels in the Armenian language which was privately presented to Mr. Gladstone ere his departure from London was valued at £500. It gave the right hon, gentleman an interesting theme on which he diluted to the departure. he dilated to the deputation.

The Sultan of Turkey has appointed Shakir Pasha to carry out various reforms in Armenia. He has been given the title of "Imperial Inspector of Certain Provinces in Asia," but as his Majesty Abdul Hamid has not invested this diplomatist with executive authority, those who have the condition of Armenia at heart are not very elated.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is very satisfactory to learn that during the past year great interest, proved by good subscriptions, has been evinced by the public in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The initiation of its work ten years ago was received with criticism and incredulity, and this is hardly surprising. The love of the parent, and especially of the mother, for the child seemed to the normally constituted mind so deep and so instinctive a sentiment that it appeared incredible that child-torture was a crime of frequent occurrence. Mr. Benjamin Waugh sentiment that it appeared incredible that child-torture was a crime of frequent occurrence. Mr. Benjamin Waugh had, therefore, in the first place to convince the public that there was a real and great evil to be coped with; and then he had the hardly less difficult task of proving that a society could exist for the purpose of checking the abuse of the authority of the parent over the child without its proceedings degenerating into a meddlesome interference with the parental judgment or into an espionage over domestic life at once offensive and mischievous. He has completely succeeded in both directions. He has made it plain that so far from the natural instincts of parentage sufficing to guard against natural instincts of parentage sufficing to guard against the abuse of unlimited power, it is parents themselves alas! it is often mothers even—who are most likely to be alas! It is often mothers even—who are most likely to be cruel and heartless oppressors of the helpless little ones. The total number of prosecutions conducted by the society during the year from March 1894 to March 1895 was 2574; and of this total the criminal was in 1054 instances the father, and in 1159 cases the mother, of the victim. In only 59 cases was the stepmother, and in 43 cases the stepfather, the criminal; and in but 198 of the total was the offender a person in no way related in blood to total was the offender a person in no way related in blood to the sufferer. Any fear that the action of the society would degenerate into needless interference with home discipline degenerate into needless interference with home discipline is removed by the experience of the proportion of cases in which the society has obtained convictions on prosecutions instituted. The charges in these cases are, of course, sifted by magistrates, who have found that the cruelties charged were proved in all but four per cent, of the cases. This result is a remarkable proof of care and discretion, when the difficulty of bringing legal proof as to offences committed in the privacy of home is remembered.

There are many features about the work of the society that are eminently satisfactory, and indicate great commonsense on the part of its leader. Mr. Waugh points out that it differs from all other societies seeking the welfare of children in demanding the enforcement of the claims that

children in demanding the enforcement of the claims that the child has, morally and legally, on those who have given it life. "While other charities house, feed, protect, and care for them, this society requires the housing, feeding, protection, and caring for to be done by the parent." This is a most important point, inasmuch as any other scheme, such as the Industrial Schools provided by law for neglected children, has a tendency actually to instigate and encourage parents to be neglectful and cruel to their children in order to get free from the burden of their support. This is a disastrous result of a charitable intention, but that it is the true result of the working of those Acts I have been sadly children in demanding the enforcement of the claims that true result of the working of those Acts I have been sadly convinced by my personal experience as a member of the London School Board; and it is a piece of knowledge that I have offered to the public from time to time ever since. It has been forced on the managers of this society by their own experience. Another important feature of the work is compelling idle or drunken fathers to work for their families. One of the saddest and most difficult problems to workers for women among the poor is how to meet the absence of any provision in the law to compel a lazy, selfish husband to contribute to the maintenance of the family. At present the loafer and lounger is master of the situation; if he will not work, or if he please to spend on self-indulgence all he earns, he can do so. Though in theory the husband is responsible for providing for his family, in practice the law offers no means by which a wife can get maintenance for herself, or for her children from their father, except she will go into the workhouse. This is a source of terrible evils. Mr. Waugh is slowly inducing magistrates to meet this awfully prevalent wrong, at any rate where there are Mr. Waugh is slowly inducing magistrates to meet this awfully prevalent wrong, at any rate where there are children. As he wisely puts the case: "Habits of idleness are a cause of great suffering to families, and become a despotism which neither inducements nor opportunities to work avail to break. The cure is forced labour. Three months' hard' has never failed to break the fetters and to put energy into a search for alternative work, and so bring back the original and better conditions of family life. Into the lounger and family-starver the alternative of forced or voluntary labour puts heart and and so bring back the original and better conditions of family life. Into the lounger and family-starver the alternative of forced or voluntary labour puts heart and soul to choose ordinary industry. Happily, this view is gradually entering into the minds of magistrates, and, through their decisions, into the life of the lazy. Even where the children of such a father are kept from acute suffering by the wife, who rather than let them starve is slowly, perhaps, killing herself in averting it, many magistrates give full force to the words 'conduct likely to cause suffering,' and that a weary wife prevents the

magistrates give full force to the words 'conduct likely to cause suffering,' and that a weary wife prevents the 'likely' happening is no answer to the charge."

In fine, the work of the society appears truly admirable in every way, and its support is to be commended to the kind and tender souls of all true women and of all chivalrous. nder souls of all true women and of all chivalrous men. The bazaar held in Queen's Hall on its behalf has been a great success. The Princess of Wales would have opened it but for the conflicting engagement to the Orleans wedding. Her Royal Highness attended it on the second day, with her daughters. The Princess were a very pretty dress of black brocade, the pattern slightly outlined with tiny jet beads and a loose turned-under vest and collar, with wide bow at the back of the neck all of grey silk heavily embroidered in flashing silver. The young Princesses were dressed alike in silk and satin Pekin striped grey silk,

with white lace on the bodices. Among the sales that are closing the season, Messrs. Walpole, of 89, New Bond Street, and Kensington High Walpole, of 89, New Bond Street, and Kensington High Street, are offering their surplus stock of the finest linen, manufactured by themselves at their Belfast village. Some of the best qualities in tablecloths and serviettes and toilettowels, which have got slightly "shop-soiled," though only with dust that will disappear on a first washing, are being sold at exactly half the usual price. Dress linens and ladies' underclothing are included, and handkerchiefs are a specialty.

SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer, with its sulkey heat, is not a source of unmixed pleasure to those who suffer from excessive corpulence. Health cannot be maintained under conditions of great obesity. In general the mental energy of the highly corpulent becomes impaired, and their capacity for the conduct of business is consequently much diminished. Sufferers will therefore be interested to know it is an indisputable fact that excessive corpulency can, in all cases, be cured by the system which has now for many years been successfully practised by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Pedford Square, W.C. Mr. Russell possesses hundreds of testimonials from persons in all classes of society, many of them holding distinguished positions in the learned professions and in her Majesty's services, which, taken collectively, prove to a demonstration that anyone suffering from obesity who systematically applies his remedy for a few weeks consecutively can be cured. The patients under his treatment are not asked to be "fasting men"; and it is remarkable that in the case of many of Mr. Russell's subjects their appetite increases as their weight diminishes. A book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing most interesting and trustworthy information, together with the recipe, may be had by writing to Mr. Russell, enclosing 6d. stamps for postage. With such a remedial agent at their command as Mr. Russell's specific, excessively corpulent persons have only themselves to blame if their unwieldy persons are not speedily reduced to fitting proportions.

The following are extracts from leading journals:

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only sixpence, post free), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the Tablet, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count—, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days sixteen kilos.—
i. e., thirty-four lb. Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight lb. in weight since I

commenced (two weeks).' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost two pounds in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—Cork Herald.

THE CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending 6d. to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's book (256 pages), containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold; in summer they are overburdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air-tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—Young Ladies' Journal.

CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours, having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five pounds to ten pounds weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure is effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained post free from Mr. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by enclosing six penny stamps.—Dublin Weekly Freeman, Nov. 24, 1894.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat.

According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of ilesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as fourteen pounds in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs sixpence, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—Forget-Me-Not.

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judying inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had of booksellers, or post free by sending six stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to carn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled, within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation, to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. H

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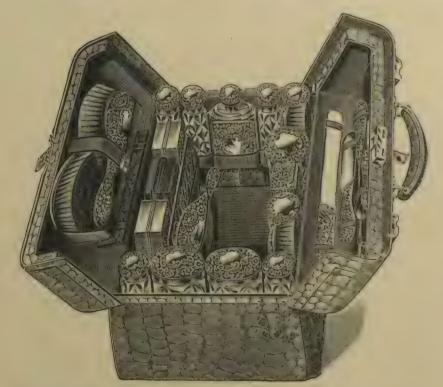
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 20, 1894), with a codicil (dated Oct. 6 following), of the Right Hon. Sir James Bacon, Kt., P.C., of 1, Kensington Gardens Terrace and Compton House, Compton Beauchamp, Berks, who died on June 1, was proved on June 20 by the Rev. Hugh Bacon and Francis Henry Bacon, the sons, and Nathaniel Tertius Lawrence, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £136,646. The testator gives his residence in Kensington Gardens Terrace and the stables in Bathurst Mews, with the furniture, fixtures, fittings, and effects, horses, carriages, and harness to his son Francis Henry; an annuity of £30 to his sister Fanny Bacon, and £500 to his friend Lewis J. Wood. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one-third each to his two sons, and one-third upon trust for his daughter, Mrs. Laura

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1894), with a codicil (dated March 14, 1895), of Mr. Thomas Robinson Irving, of Beech Hill, Sandforth Road, near Liverpool, and 5, Tithebarn Street, Liverpool, rice miller, who died on March 15, was proved on June 14 by Robert Sugden Payne, John Merrett Wade, Charles Johnson, and Florence Eleanor Norris, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £124,864. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his niece, Florence Eleanor Norris; £300 each to his executors, Robert Sugden Payne, John Merrett Wade, and Charles Johnson; £500 each to his nieces, Gertrude Fisher, Edith Constance Ringland, and Amy Kathleen Ringland; £200, and an annuity of £500, to his sister Emmeline Ringland; and legacies to servants and people in his employ. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said niece, Florence Eleanor Norris

The will (dated April 28, 1894) of the Right Hon. the Earl of Selborne, who died on May 4, was proved on June 18 by William Waldegrave, Earl of Selborne, the June 18 by William Waldegrave, Earl of Selborne, the son, and Earl Waldegrave, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £69,030. He directs £10,000 to be paid to the trustees of the settlements of each of his daughters Lady Laura Ridding, Mary Countess Waldegrave, and Lady Sarah Wilfreda Biddulph; and bequeaths £10,000, and £200 per annum while unmarried, to his daughter Lady Sophia Palmer; £200 to his son-in-law and executor, Earl Waldegrave; £100 to his coachman George Golder; £100 to Miss Laura Helder, formerly governess to his daughters: half a year's wages to governess to his daughters; half a year's wages to each household or stable servant (except George Golder), head gardener or gamekeeper who has been five years in his service at his death, and one-quarter of a year's wages to each of such servants who has been one year in his service, but under five years. He also bequeaths £200 to be invested, the dividends to be for ever applied towards the cost of keeping the church of St. Matthew, Blackmoor, in proper repair and maintaining divine service therein according to the order and principles of the Church of England, whether connected for the time



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT.

The Royal Hunt Cup this year is, paradoxically, a shield. It has been designed to illustrate incidents of the Royal Hunt in the reign of George III. The subjects in the panel were suggested by Lord Ribblesdale, and were taken from old engravings in his Lordship's possession. They are—Swinley Lodge, for a long while the residence of the Master of the Royal Ruckhounds; the old kennels at Swinley; uncarting the deer in Windsor Park; a stag chase through the Thames; George III. hunting in Windsor Forest, the stag at bay. On the border of the shield are modelled portraits of six of the principal royal followers of the hunt—namely. portraits of six of the principal royal followers of the shield are modelled portraits of six of the principal royal followers of the hunt—namely, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., William III., George II., and George III. The trophy was manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, 156, New Bond Street, London.

being with the State as an Established Church or not. The residue of his estate, real and personal, he gives to his son.

The will (dated June 17, 1889) of Mr. Robert Charles Hare, late of Biblington House, Steyning, Sussex, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on June 14 by George Edward Lear and Howard Francis Gates, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £43,118. The testator gives Biblington House, with all the effects the wife Mr. Horsett House, which the surface of therein, to his wife, Mrs. Harriett Hare; £100 each to his executors; and £200 per annum to Mrs. Louisa Hare. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon

trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease between the children of his late sister, Mrs. Mary Hammond.

The will (dated May 25, 1892), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1894), of Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Geoffrey Thomas Phipps Hornby, G.C.B. of Littlegreen and Lordington, Sussex, who died on March 3, was proved on June 22 by Geoffrey Stanley Phipps Hornby, and Captain Edmund John Phipps Hornby, R.A., the sons, two of the executors, the value of the research extent agreement of 119 72. the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,272. The testator devises all his messuages, lands, hereditaments, and real estate, subject to a provision to make up out of the rents, in certain events, the income of his daughter, Ethel Mary, to £350 per annum, to the use of his eldest son, Geoffrey Stanley, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male; and his copyhold and leasehold properties are settled in a similar manner. The necklace of Russian manufacture given to his late wife by the Duchess of Edinburgh, the gold snuff-box given to him by the German Emperor, the print of the Queen, by Winterhalter, given to him by her Majesty, the print of the German Emperor, given to him by the Emperor, and all his plate (excepting some specifically bequeathed to his two younger sons), pictures, furniture, and effects are made heirlooms to go with the real estate. He bequeaths £500 to his daughter Ethel Mary; £2000 each to his sons, Edmund John and Robert Stewart; and the remainder of his jewellery and all his live and dead stock to his son who succeeds to his real estate. He directs the policy on the life of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for £1200 in the Law Life Insurance Company to be kept on foot, and to go with male; and his copyhold and leasehold properties are settled Life Insurance Company to be kept on foot, and to go with his personal estate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trusts similar to the uses declared of his real estate.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1894) of Lieutenant-Colonel George Butler Triscott Colman, of 12, Holland Road, Kensington, who died on May 2, was proved on June 19 by George Maurice Hoblyn Colman, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,409. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Anne Colman; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children George Maurice Hoblyn Colman, Ernest Francis Parett Colman, and Mrs. Merranno Cecilia. Ernest Francis Paget Colman, and Mrs. Marianne Cecilia Read equally.

Viscount Hampden, the newly appointed Governor of New South Wales, is making all official appointments necessary to his approaching departure for the Colony. His private secretary will be Mr. E. Gathorne Hardy, who is at present on the staff of Lord Glasgow in New Zealand. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who is a member of the Cranbrook family, arrived three days before Sir Robert Duff's death, or have they have that continuously the or he was to have been that gentleman's secretary. He has given proof of excellent abilities which ought to serve him in good stead in the new post to which he has been

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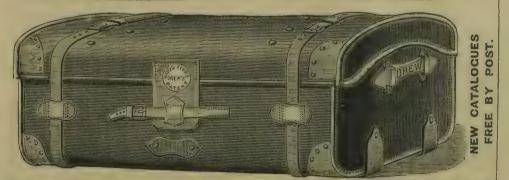
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has made a success at the Vaudeville with a funny play, aided by a mysterious Mr. Charles Marlowe. It appears that certain of my brethren were impolite enough to say, concerning Mr. Buchanan's partner, in the words of Mrs. Gamp, that "there was no sich person." Whereupon, in order to keep up the joke, the authors of "The Adventures of Miss Brown" thought to clinch the matter by forwarding to the editor of a popular newspaper Mr. Charles Marlowe's visiting card! popular newspaper Mr. Charles Mariowe's visiting card! But that does not prove much, for I have heard before now of visiting cards being printed bearing fictitious names. It really does not very much matter, however, whether the mysterious Marlowe exists in the flesh or not; but I should not be surprised to hear that, following the example of Mr. Fred Kerr, he occasionally wears petticoats—in fact, that this Mr. Marlowe is a very clever literary Miss! Messrs. Buchanan and Marlowe certainly owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Kerr and his company for the admirable manner in which they skate over the many difficulties contained in the adventures of the aforesaid Miss Brown. One false step would have ruined the farce, and I really do not see step would have ruined the farce, and I really do not see how the man-woman could have been played with greater care, good taste, and judgment than by Mr. Kerr. A more

difficult task was never presented to an actor, and this will be recognised if I briefly refer to the story.

A gallant and handsome young cavalry officer runs away with a pretty little ward in Chancery, and, with the connivance of some genial Irish friends, marries her straight away, as they say in America, thus exposing himself to the terrors of whoever happens to represent the Vice-Chancellors of other days. Those who have long theatrical memories will recall this fact, that "the Little Duke" in Lecocq's charming opera did precisely the same thing. The little Duke married a little Duchess, and she was promptly hurried off to a convent to expiate her matrimonial offence. hurried off to a convent to explate her matrimonial offence. The bride of the cavalry officer is similarly recaptured and conveyed back to Miss Pinkerton's boarding-school, from which she had eloped. The little Duke, as everyone knows, stormed the convent in the disguise of an old woman in order to catch a glimpse of the little Duchess. The cavalry officer does exactly the same thing, disguised as Miss Brown, a nervous, faltering, undefying young woman, who officer does exactly the same thing, disguised as Miss Brown, a nervous, faltering, undefying young woman, who apparently "cannot say bo! to a goose." "And then the band begins to play." The girls at the boarding-school, particularly Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" Miss Schwarz, tear their hair and scratch one another over the innocent Miss Brown. And in the end, of course, the military Miss Brown abducts his bride, and ever after they were all apparently very happy, in good old story-book fashion.

The acting is excellent all round. There is not one record.

The acting is excellent all round. There is not one round peg in a square hole. Mr. Kerr and Miss May Palfrey are equally admirable—the one funny without being vulgar;

the other a charming, wilful, and determined English girl, full of spirit and determination, the kind of bright bit of female England of old days that has been supplanted by prigs and bores and female manikins despised by decent men. Miss Esmé Beringer came once more to the front in a well studied and artistically conceived bit of character as the rich Creole parlour boarder, all West Indian attitude and warm heart. Here, again, danger loomed ahead. The storm signals were out, but Esmé Beringer managed to bring Miss Schwarz safe into port. It was cleverly done and required skilful seamanship. Mr. Lionel Brough, who played a steady, hard-headed detective admirably, quite in the fine old comedy manner of the old school, gave the new play most welcome assistance and I have only need to play most welcome assistance, and I have only need to mention the name of Miss M. A. Victor to let everyone know that the schoolmistress was a keen study of character. Mr. Robb Harwood, as a love-stricken German master, once more showed his observation and talent. Here again is a young actor who will make his mark.

It has been said that Mr. Buchanan's play is risky, and thas been said that Mr. Buchanan's play is risky, and that its dangers have been obviated by discretion and good taste. What, then, am I to say of "Ma Cousine," a French play shelved for five years, which has been brought out for the first appearance this season of Madame Réjane at the Garrick? In the course of my life I have sat out some curious French plays, but, honestly, I don't think I have ever met before a subject so offensive or dialogue more frankly yulgar and nasty. I am told on good authority ever met before a subject so offensive or dialogue more frankly vulgar and nasty. I am told on good authority that the Examiner of Stage Plays has vigorously used the blue pencil on the dialogue of "Ma Cousine," and edited it for modern English audiences. I have not had an opportunity of reading the French text, "but from what I heard from the stage" I should very much like to know what it was like before the editing process began. In the scene between Riquette, the actress, and Raoul, the dissolute Baron, I suppose that more audacious dialogue was never before heard on an English stage, for Réjane is not so clever at skating over riskiness in dialogue as Chaumont was in the old days. She plays the part in a downright, good-hearted, vulgar manner, the unrefined mercenary good-hearted, vulgar manner, the unrefined mercenary woman that the author has described, and she sees no reason for refusing to underline the dialogue because she is playing in England, where she sees girls of every age before her—a sight that she has certainly never seen in before her—a sight that she has certainly never seen in Paris. It is said in excuse that English girls who are taken to such a play as this do not understand it. Then why on earth are they taken to see it if it be all Greek to them? I certainly hope that they did not understand much that Raoul said to Riquette, but it is pretty plainly indicated in the "Réjane Edition" of the play printed for the benefit of American girls. More than this, I do not see how a clever girl could fail to comprehend the meaning of a character called Madame comprehend the meaning of a character called Madame Berlandet, who is not very much of a credit to the dramatic profession of France. Possibly we have Madame Berlandets

in England also, with their manieure boxes, their fetching and carrying, and their jackal ways in the world of vice; but, at any rate, we keep them in the background and do not advertise them on the stage. The typical French actress as exhibited in "Ma Cousine" may be very good-natured, but her entourage is as nasty as it is undesirable. Great surprise is felt that we have never yet seen an English version of Meilhac's vulgar and undesirable play. For myself I am not at all surprised, for I do not believe that any actress with the slightest self-respect would identify herself with such a character as Riquette, nor would the majority of the actors and actresses drag their profession through the mud at the bidding of an author who has done some beautiful and touching things in his time, but with "Ma Cousine" temporarily lost his head. in England also, with their manicure boxes, their fetching

THE OPERA.

On Saturday, June 29, the first performance this season of Meyerbeer's avowedly greatest work, "Les Huguenots," was presented to the public at the Opera, Covent Garden, with a cast of amazing strength and accomplishment. Madame Melba contented herself with the part of Marguerite de Valois, Madame Albani took the part of Valentina, Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli appeared as Urbano; M. Plançon was Marcello, and Signor Tamagno took the part of Recul. From such an assemble of proposition of the part of Recul. M. Flancon was Marcello, and Signor Tamagno took the part of Raoul. From such an assemblage of names it may readily be conceived that the performance was an exceedingly fine one. Tamagno's Raoul was like Tamagno himself—a little unequal, but with occasional bursts of inspiration which were merely overwhelming. Melba's Marguerite was not exactly a revelation, for we all were perfectly aware of the beauty of her voice and the perfection of her accomplishment. But her wastewy can florid music perfectly aware of the beauty of her voice and the perfection of her accomplishment. But her mastery over florid music was never so wonderfully displayed, never made so manifest as here. You take the sweetness and purity of her voice for granted; her facile achievement is always newly wonderful. Albani's Valentina was sincere and conscientious, and Mdlle. Ravogli is ever a sprightly page.

Madame Eames made her reappearance at the Opera in "Faust" on Monday, July 1. Her voice is in its most excellent condition of purity, of sweetness, and of power. Signor Alvarez, who has improved wonderfully during the

Signor Alvarez, who has improved wonderfully during the past two years, took the part of Faust with animation and distinction; M. Plançon was an excellent Mephistopheles, and Mdlle. Brazzi a charming Siebel.

The death of General Peixoto has quickly followed that of his rival Admiral da Gama, which was recently chronicled. General Peixoto had been living at a ranch some distance from Rio de Janeiro since the revolution, and suddenly became ill as he was about to start on a journey. He died on June 29 at Divisa. The news has coursed much excitament. It is probable that the start lives and the start of the course of the start of the star caused much excitement. It is probable that a public funeral will be accorded to his remains.



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ART NOTES.

Mr. L. Raven Hill's work at the Cariton Gallery (Pall Mall) is only a shade less interesting than that of Mr. Phil May at the Fine Art Society. There is, perhaps, less individuality in Mr. Raven Hill's black-and-white drawings, for he is frankly a follower of the late Charles Keene, with occasional excursions into the domain of the artists who work for Le Journal pour Rire; but many will assert that in humour and variety he can claim to be on a par with Mr. Phil May and others who cater for the same public. Like his contemporaries, he goes to the public parks, the side streets, and popular resorts for studies of life, and the Englishman in Paris, the German in London, the 'Arriets and the 'Arriers afford him english subjects. the 'Arriets and the 'Arries afford him endless subjects. In the few sketches in which he rises to more aristocratic circles one feels that Mr. Raven Hill has not forgotten the ways and ideas of John Leech, as shown in a capital hunting sketch, "An Eye to Business"; but it is rather in such street studies as "The Green-Eyed Monster," "Arriet, ain't it about time that you buried that scalskin?" "The Story Without Words," and "The Turning Worm," that one sees Mr. Raven Hill at his best and in his most individual style. To these, moreover, should be added some three dozen studies from his "Home Model," a charming little girl whose life would be more properly counted by months than by years, but whose face is so expressive that on it the whole gamut of the pangs and joys of babyhood can be followed, especially with the help circles one feels that Mr. Raven Hill has not forgotten the

of her back and shoulders. These studies of child life are at the same time far more simple in composition than the works intended for reproduction, and they warrant the belief that in time Mr. Raven Hill will show as much skill and power in the use of single outlines as he already does in the more elaborately composed drawings by which he is best known. There are included in the exhibition half-adozen etchings, which show considerable delicacy, and a few pictures, of which "A Bank Holiday" is the most

Should any wanderer be tempted to follow in Mr. Varley's footsteps (whose sketches of the rivers and cathedrals of Northern France we recently noticed) to the attractive town of Mantes la jolie, which still retains traces of its importance on Maintes a polic, which still retains traces of its importance in Norman times, he will be disappointed to find that the fine church of the neighbouring village of Rosny has suffered from the vandalism of the modern restorer. Until quite recently the church possessed a charming picture by Corot, "The Flight into Egypt," painted by the artist and presented by him to the old cure. Some years ago an offer of 30,000f, was made and refused for this work, which had been exhibited in the Salon as far back as 1840. In addition to this picture there were fourteen "Stations of been exhibited in the Salon as far back as 1840. In addition to this picture there were fourteen "Stations of the Cross," which the guardian of the old church also attributed to Corot, but which were, in fact, painted by his pupils and subsequently retouched by the master. Both the series of "Stations" and "The Flight into Egypt" have now disappeared. No trace, apparently, is left

of their whereabouts, although the picture has been diligently hunted after by the members of Corot's family and the more numerous members of the picture-dealing community. Two years ago the old church of Rosny was practically rebuilt, and a clean sweep made of its contents, by M. Coulon on architect of sweep made. by M. Coulon, an architect of sufficient repute to justify the hope that he could not have intentionally lent himself to the destruction of memorials so interesting and of a picture so important that competent critics regarded it as little inferior to "The Baptism of Christ," which Corot little inferior to "The Baptism of Christ," which Corot little inferior to "The Baptism of Christ," which Corot painted, on his return from Rome in 1843, for the church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet.

From Pisa there comes "a bitter cry," aroused by the action of the authorities responsible for the safe keeping of action of the authorities responsible for the safe keeping of the Campo Santo. By degrees access to this interesting spot has been more and more hampered by restrictions, which, however, were, if irritating, at all events surmountable with patience. What has been done inside the walls of the enclosure is more serious. The works of the early Sienness painters—Orcagna, or more probably Lorenzetti—"The Last Judgment" and "The Triumph of Death"—are now scarcely recognisable by those who know them a few years are and recognisable by those who knew them a few years ago, and lingered over their naïve horrors. The frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli seem destined to undergo similar treatment, for the scaffolding of the "restorer," or rather of the destroyer, is already erected, and in the places where the original fresco has dropped off the missing figures are being sketched in chalk, preparatory to a more permanent restoration

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by artists who have little in common with Gozzoli. It is difficult to understand the reason of this fatal decision on the part of the municipal authorities, for in other ways they have just been showing a very sensible appreciation of their duties. The Museo Civico has been transferred to the capacious buildings of the monastery of San Francisco, the scattered fragments of the great pulpit by Giovanni Pisano have been carefully pieced together, and a good idea can now be obtained of the effect produced by it in its original place in the Duomo. Moreover, the pictures, which formerly were scarcely to be seen, are now arranged chronologically in a series of well-lighted rooms; and for the first time—with the aid of an excellent catalogue—one learns that Pisa possesses a collection of pictures worthy of her history and of her love of art. on the part of the municipal authorities, for in other ways her history and of her love of art.

The Scotch Artists' Exhibition, now open at the Continental Gallery (New Bond Street), cannot be said to give an adequate idea of the state of painting north of the Tweed. We have had through the works of Messrs. Lavery, Guthrie, Lorimer, and many others some hint of the spirit which animates not only the "Glasgow School" but a

large body of young men who are receiving art instruction in the north. Their methods are often very French, but their ideas have been purely national, and in their own people and their own country they have found subjects worthy of their notice and study. A truly representative exhibition of contemporary Scottish art would be not only extremely interesting but also most instructive, but it cannot be said of the collection at the Continental Gallery that it is either the one or the other. Mr. A. H. Brown, although too obviously artificial in his composition, shows a delicate sense of colour; Mr. Calvert Sherwood turns to profitable account the atmospheric effects in which his country, especially on the sea-coast, is so rich; and Mr. R. B. Nisbet has decided sympathy with moorland scenery. sympathy with moorland scenery. From none of these, however—and they are among the chief exhibitors—do we learn anything very clear about the aim of Scottish painters, unless it be to produce pictures which may appeal to such of their fellow-countrymen who are content to cover their walls with Scotch scenes painted by Scotch artists. Mr. H. J. Dobson, Mr. J. Kay, Mr. W. Rattray, and Mr. John Terris may be mentioned as others who are doubtless

animated by the best and most laudable intentions, but they must be bold enough to do something more distinctive before they can hope to arrest attention in a

Sir Arthur Haliburton, who has just succeeded Sir Ralph Thompson as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, is the son of the author of "Sam Slick." He has had a long experience of the interior working of the War Office, and is held in general esteem by his colleagues.

Office, and is held in general esteem by his colleagues.

The Prize Day at Rugby was this year specially interesting, as it was the first occasion when Dr. James presided as Head Master. The visitors did not include several of those who rarely miss this function, but the political crisis was responsible for this. His Honour Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown") was present, and gave one of his cheery little speeches. A fine bust by Mr. Brock of the late Lord Bowen was unveiled by Lord Davey, whose graceful culogium was based on long friendship with the eminent Rugbeian. Lord Bowen, he said, was distinguished in every stage of life for intellectual ability and sweetness of disposition. ability and sweetness of disposition.

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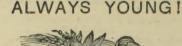
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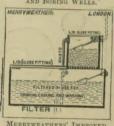
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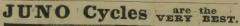
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